New News

FROM

BEDLAM:

OR

More Work for *Towzer* and his Brother *Ravenscroft*.

ALIAS

Hocus Pocuus Whipt and Stript:

OR

A Ra-ree New Fashion CUPPINGGLASS

Most humbly Represented [illegible]

Wherein the various Shapes, and present *Legerdemain* Postures, Principles and Practices of the bold and most Insolent Factors for the Infallible Chair (both in Church and State) are yet more and more unvailed and discovered.

As it was lately Represented in a plain honest Country Dialogue, (*viz.* both Serious, Comical, Satyrical, Tragical and Theological) to a True Loyal Protestant-Association of Master and Scholars, to be Acted by them at the next Breaking up of their Grammar-School, and then, and there, it is shrewdly [illegible] (by a Vote of *Nemine Contradicente*) 'twill be Resolved, That a Second Impression of the said Dialogue, with Appurtenances, shall be forthwith promoted and Published for the [illegible] and farther Information of the People.

By *Theophilus Rationalis*, one of *Heraclitus Ridens*, *Nat. Thompson's*, and the most profound *Obs*[illegible]'s Wise Men of *Gotham*, although a most Sincere, and True Lover of King and Country.

Post Tenebras splendet, surgit post Nubila Phœbus.

London. Printed for the Author, and Published by *Langley Curtis*, at the Sign of Sir *Edmund Bury Godfrey*'s Head near *Fleet-Bridge*, *Anno Domini* 1682.

A
Loyal Proteſtant Addreſs:
OR
The Epiſtle Dedicatory.

To the Right Honourable, the truly Noble and moſt Loyal Proteſtant Peers of this Realm. In particular His Grace James *Duke of* Monmouth, Arthur *E. of* Eſſex, *and* Anthony *E. of* Shaftesbury, *&c.*

As you have been the Captains in our Chanel's,
To take thoſe Pirates, and bold Water-Spaniels,
Which to their coſt did here ſo lately come
In ſtrong *Armadoes*, from the Church of *Rome*,
For to deſtroy us: And our Lands to make
A Legal Prize, unto that Stygian Lake
Of bloody *Tyber*: And to drain from hence
Millions of Treaſure, by Saint *Peter*'s Pence,
For which Attempt your Loyalty now Rings
In ſweet tun'd Anthems to the King of Kings,
For raiſing up ſuch Noble Peers to ſtand
Now in the Breach, againſt that Helliſh Band,
And will remain for everlaſting praiſe
Unto your Honours, who all have won the Baies,
Although the flattering, huffing, ranting *Tory* Crew
Of State-Satyricks, ſo beſpatter you,
Your Names ſhall live, when their's ſhall die and rot,
Your Coat ſhall ſhine, when their's ſhall have a blot;

You ſhall be great, when they ſhall be forlorn;
You ſhall be lov'd, when they the Nations ſcorn;
You ſhall be Gold, when they ſhall be but Droſs;
You ſhall triumph, when they may mount a Croſs.
Courage, brave *Heroes*, now ſome breezing Gales
Will make their Captains ſtrike their main Top-ſails,
And may ere long ſurrender to the Whigs
Their Tory Roary plotting Bird-lime Twigs,
Which have ſtuck faſt unto that Intereſt,
Which wiſe men call the Scarlet-coloured Beaſt.

Since things are ſo tranſacted now in *France*,
The *Tories* now will tack to Monſieur *Prance*,
And bleſs *Nat. Thompſon*, that true *Romiſh* Elf,
Who now doth Print, that *Godfrey* hang'd himſelf
Although the firſt, who did the Truth declare,
That he was Murder'd from the *Roman* Chair;
And he that trebles each Diſſenters ſpot,
Marks not one word, of this moſt ſcandalous blot
Unto the Juſtice of our *Engliſh* Nation,
For Hanging men, only for Recreation)
And rather lean unto that Popiſh Fry,
And well he may, becauſe he knows they Lie
Much like himſelf; and Birds all of a Feather,
Do love to flutter, and to flock together;
Yet theſe be Men the *Tories* count ſo Loyal,
Damn us for Dogs, upon the leaſt denial
Of this Sham Truth (Oh Heavens!) what Men are thoſe
Who cann't diſtinguiſh between Doves and Crows
Between bold Traitors, and true Loyal Peers,
Between good Subjects, and thoſe Leather Ears,
Who now do trot from Houſe to Houſe, to try
Who will Abhor, and who for Liberty;
The firſt they mark, as Loyal Sons of State,
The next they ſeal, oft with a broken Pate,
In Loyal Duty, with the reſt of thoſe,
Who will Abhor our King and Kingdoms Foes,

A

And

And will ſtand by them not with Ifs and Ands,
Or Forty thouſand of High *Tory* Hands.
Like the *Dulmano* Tribe, which hums and haws,
Inſtead of Preaching, only do pick Straws,
And tears Diſſenters with their Lockarom Jaws:
Or like that Monſieur with his Valiant Men,
Went up an Hill, and ſo came down again.
No, we'l ſtand by them with our Lives and Lands,
So far as they lift up our Legal Hands,
For to ſupport our *Engliſh* Monarchy
Againſt all Popiſh, and *French* Tyranny.

Unto your Honours, I theſe Lines preſent,
In patient Hopes, that our next Parliament,
Will ſearch the bottom of thoſe Sham Intrigues,
From *French*, from *Engliſh*, and from *Iriſh* Teagues;
I dare not boaſt the ſtrength of this my Muſe,
Like ſoaring *Laureat*, who doth ſo abuſe
Your Grace, your Honours, and his Country too;
He brands his Country in diſpraiſing you.
And though his Satyrs in them have no weight,
Yet for his pains deſerves a broken Pate.
Small Chicken am I, not yet Pen-feather'd for
To ſteer a Ship, or board a Man of War;
Yet I have ventur'd from my *Bedlam* ſhore
One of their tall Ships with my Plumes to gore;
And if they paſs but through his Aged ſide
(Although I ſteer both againſt Wind and Tide)
And chance to fall into his Powder-Room,
Whigs may then write to Miſs *Joanna Broom*,
To let her know of *Towzer*'s ſad Diſaſter,
And to provide for him a cooling Plaiſter:
If this won't do, let *Joan* turn him to Graſs,
To nab ſome Thiſtles with the braying Aſs;
Or elſe fix ſpoon-fulls in our Cupping-glaſs
Of *Aqua fortis*, and ſtrong *Hellebore*,
Mixt well together, take for this, I am ſure,
Probatum eſt, 'twill either kill or cure;

And

And though of late he hath with *Rippon Spur*,
Endeavour'd much, my Credit for to ſlur,
In his Remarks, becauſe he knows I am
In Hand and Heart a true bred *Engliſh* Man;
Yet if your Honours patronize theſe Lines
(Which he will Print, are dull diſtracted Rimes)
I then do hope, theſe honeſt *Bedlam* ſtrains,
Will be a means to wipe off all his ſtains,
And in due time Reward me for my pains.

So prayes

(Moſt Noble Peers) *Your Honours moſt obliged, moſt faithful, moſt obedient, and moſt ſincerely devoted Servant*

Theophilus Rationalis.

An

An EPISTLE TO THE TORIES.

Gallant and brave Sirs,

AS your Noble Champion (*and Guide to the Inferior Clergy*) *hath been pleaſed in his* Noverint Univerſi's, viz. *his weekly* (*I had almoſt ſaid* Quotidiano) *Obſervations, to proclaim my Name in Print,* No. 104. *which duly weighed and conſidered, is a very great Honour and Reputation* (*an ſhall pleaſe your* Toryſhips) *to ſome Perſons, either to render them more famous, or elſe more obnoxious to thoſe with whom they do more or leſs Traffique and converſe, but more eſpecially in this Lunatick and Scribling Generation of ours, wherein if a man makes but the leaſt halt whatſoever, either in his Morals or Intellectuals, though't be* lapſus Linguæ, lapſus Memoriæ, aut lapſus Scribendi, *he hath a moſt ingenious and genteely accompliſhed Obſervator at the heels of him immediately, either to bite him by the Legs, or elſe to ſend him preſently to* Bedlam, *for his more ſevere and deſerved Caſtigation.*

Tories,

The Premiſes conſidered (*and too apparent to be denied or diſputed*) *I could do no leſs than ſtrain Courteſie with him* (namque manus manum fricat) *and would beg of you Genteels, to preſent him with one of theſe Books, which are the firſt Fruits of my Lunatick Labours upon this*

this Bedlam *account* (*to whom I presume it is most properly due, and ought to have been my Patron, in regard he sent me to this College, but allowing me no maintenance since my Admission, I was resolved to find out more Noble Persons for my Epistle Dedicatory.*)

And that you would be pleased also more especially to present him with my obliged Gratitude for his particular (*though by me undeserved*) *Respects, in ranking me with a Person of so great Quality,* viz. *nodes than a* Duke. *And as that Person of Quality hath already made his Publick Acknowledgment unto him, as to his own particular, so I could do no less* (Eodem modo & forma) *than pay my Respects upon the same Account. And that from my head Quarters* No. 205. *in the Lower Walk in* Bedlam, *whither his Eminent Excellency was pleased to send me, from whence I hope* (*as well as my Noble Brother*) *if he do not too much blister me with his Scarrifications Horse-Leeches and Cupping-glasses* (*with the additional Aid of your Prayers and Curses which are* idem per idem, *of the same import*) *but I shall be restored again in a short time to my former Senses, and so if you are well, pray tell Mr.* Observator *that I am pretty well, and so* True Tories *fare you well.*

I am

Bedlam, April the first 1682. *No.*205. *in the Lower Walk.*

Yours, and the Observator's *very respective* (*though Lunatick*) *Friend to trace both him and you in my Mad Fits according to your Sentiments of the ensuing Dialogue,*

Theophilus Rationalis.

To

To the True Loyal Proteſtant Whigs, *upon his puruſal of his Worthy Friends,* Hocus Pocus, *or the* Obſervator's *New-Faſhion Cupping-Glaſs.*

LIft up your drowzy Heads unto the dawning Light,
Heavens have forbid an Everlaſting Night;
And though you have a long time been forlorn,
Yet now rejoyce, to ſee th'approaching Morn.
You bave been toſs'd among the Raging Waves;
The *Algerines* did hope to make you Slaves:
But your Chaſe Guns, when they were all in laughter,
Did ſplit their Bottoms, between Wind and Water.
Courage, brave Lads, never deſpond no more,
Your Loyal Ship is now come ſafe to ſhore:
Your Valiant Captain now hath foil'd all thoſe,
Who were the Churches, and the Kingdoms Foes.
Thoſe ill bred Vapours, which do hover here,
With ſo much rage, within our Hemiſphere,
Th'Informing Tribe, a ſhame unto our Nation,
To ſuffer ſuch to blot your Reputation:
The Dog, the Fox, the Tyger, and the Bear,
Which did your Loyal Hearts ſo oft in pieces tear,
From day to day, and what they heard o're Night
In Screetch-Owl Barns, next Morn was brought to light,
And ſtampt for Currant by the *Tory* Crew,
Although as falſe ſometimes, as Heaven is true.
Such is the boldneſs of theſe *Romiſh* Varlets,
To make Black White, Vermillions to be Scarlets.
But here they're met with ſuch a *Corniſh* Hug,
As you will find, will make them alwaies ſhrug;
And doubtleſs, will make ſome pull in their Horns,
Rather than undergo ſuch future Scorns.

Your ſtripling Friend here with his nimble Pen,
Hath charm'd Old *Towzer*, cloſe within his Den,
From biting any more. His crazy Head,
By *Hocus Pocus* new, is brought to Bed:
Although ſometimes perchance he'l bark again
At theſe, who ſhall come near his ratling Chain.
Yet now he may diſcharge his Elder Gun,
You have a *Broom*, who hath him quite out-done.
The *Play houſe* ſure a *Plague-houſe* is become,
Peſter'd with *Plague-ſores* by the *Peſts* of *Rome*,
Spurting out ſtill Poiſon moſt peſtilent,
Sometimes *Prophane*, and ſometimes *Turbulent*.
When *Popiſh Prieſts* were out of Pulpits Thruſt,
In *Pious Edward's* Reign, *Invectives Curſt*,
They peſter'd *Stages* with, to Ridicule,
His Reformation; hence to Charm that Dev'l,
Stage-Playes were Damn'd by *Statute Royal-Rule*:
Oh that our *Powers* would Reinforce that *Law*,
This Curſed *Cockatrice* to keep in Awe,
From Hatching *Fiery Serpents*, who wag their Wings,
Strike *Loyal Proteſtants* with Fatal Stings.
Playes are a Naſty Nurſe to *Vice*, the *Devil's Ground*,
Where *He* poſſeſſeth All within his *Round*;
Where wicked Wits, with their Leud wanton *Acts*,
In *Satan's Ordnance* ſoon beget baſe Facts;
God's Ordinance they're not, His *Inſtitution*,
God never gave them, nor his *Benediction*.
Tories take heed, leſt their *Contagion* catch you,
And *Tyburn-Tippets* do in time Diſpatch you.
Though Doctor *Spratt* a *Sword-Fiſh* ſeems, and wou'd
Conjure your Coats to Swords, while circl'd ſtood,
Save you, nor can *Enchanted Swords*, nor *Fakhions*,
New News from Bedlam gives you ſolid Cautions.

N. C.

The

The Masters Advice to a French *Painter, to Draw several Scenes to present to the Scholars at the Breaking up of their Grammar School.*

DRraw *Bedlam* first, the Glory of our Land,
And all the Trees which do before it stand;
Then those within, who lately there were sent
By *Ravens Craft*, to give his Passion vent;
And also him, whom *Towzer* there put in,
When as he was upon the merry Pin,
And thither sent him, in his Goose-cap Quills,
To take this *Lent*, the *Observator*'s Pills,
Although in truth they never yet came there,
Nor never will, we rather hope than fear.
Draw next two Jesuits, all besmear'd in blood,
Bringing in Pop'ry, like a mighty Flood.
Draw them good Painter in the Forlorn Hope,
As Cousin Germains to their Prince the Pope,
As labouring hard by *Wiles* and by *Meanders*,
Just like those Youths, who lately came from *Flanders*:
Saint *Omers* Breed, a special hopeful Fry,
To Sham us of our Lives and Liberty:
Draw them dear Painter in their various shape,
(*Camelion* like) when they commit a Rape
Upon our Bodies and our Senses: Come
Draw them Importors from the Church of *Rome*,
Draw them as Men, who lately came from Hell,
And in their heat courting a *Je-za-bel*,
And with their Sluts, embracing in their Arms,
Still flattering them with *Hocus Pocus* Charms:
If to the life you would a Jesuit Paint,
Draw Fiend on back-side, on the fore-side Saint.

Draw *Towzer* next, and all his Elder Guns,
His Paper Pellets, and his weekly Puns;
His Cupping-Glaſſes, and his Brain-ſick Notions,
His Gliſter-Pipes, and all his *Bedlam* Potions;
His *Tory* Study, and his Coffee Fumes,
His City Crabſtocks, and his Country Prunes:
Obſerve him well, or he'l obſerve your hits,
And fairly put you in his Frantick Fits,
Within thoſe Cells, where he hath ſent of late
A ſpecial Friend to teach him how to prate;
Miſs not one Feature in his Prince-like Face,
Which if you ſhould, you would him much diſgrace.
If you do doubt what poſture will him pleaſe,
Painter, for that I'le give your Penſil eaſe;
Draw him a Weaver, working in a Loom,
Then draw him Warping to the Church of *Rome:*
This poſture ſure of all muſt pleaſe him beſt,
Or his Propoſals are but all in Jeſt,
Which he of late hath publiſht to Unite,
To make us all to *Rome* turn Proſelite.

Next draw *Jack-Pudding* in his Cocks comb Cap,
The *Obſervator* leaning on his Lap,
And all his Bigots round about him ſit,
Telling him Lies without either fear or wit:
Th'Informing Tribe, thoſe filthy Kennel-Rakes
To ſober minds that ſtink like any Jakes,
Draw them as black as Paint can make them black,
Then draw them mounted on the Devil's back;
Draw them on Coals, in their own Greaſe to fry,
That *London Phans* have here ſuch Liberty,
And not coopt up in Holes, in Caves, in Dens,
Like to thoſe Worthies now in *Briſtol* Pens.

(*England* beware leſt Heaven ſhould now make ſpeed,
To help his People at their time of need.)
Draw *Tories* next them in their Frantick Fits,
Like *Bedlams* foaming, ſtark out of their wits,

In their accurſed Oaths (like claps of Thunder)
As if they'd rend both Church and State aſunder;
A ſpecial Tribe to be Sons of the Church,
When Heaven at laſt will leave them in the lurch:
God bleſs us from their horrid Imprecations,
When they Addreſs even to their own Damnations:
If God ſhould take them at their proper word,
Although their Oaths he hath them on Record,
But will not let his furious Paſſion vent,
Becauſe they ſhould take warning, and Repent.
Tories beware, remember what's to come,
If you ask what? It is the Day of Doom,
Where you muſt ſtand, a ſtrict Account muſt render
For Oaths and Curſes, and for Flouts (none ſlender,)
Which you did make at all things that were Sacred,
And then muſt ſtand before your Judge all naked.

Draw *Heraclitus* next, that ſpecial Trout,
Who from ſome muddy Lake did ſure leap out:
Draw him now writing a *Pindarique Ode*,
Then draw him ſwelling like an ugly Toad;
Then draw him ſtrutting like a Crow in Gutter,
Then draw a Screech-Owl, when his Wings do flutter,
Then draw him Bandog, when he runs at Sheep,
Then draw him Bugbear, when he plaies Bo-peep,
Then draw him dead-drunk, when he cannot creep,
Then draw him ſober, when he's faſt aſleep:
Now draw him Painter in his Gooſe-cap dreſt,
To pleaſe the Fops with a dry frothy Jeaſt,
Although in earneſt, a meer *Jack-a-Lent*,
A Scar Crow *Bigot*, 'gainſt a Parliament,
More fitter for the Country Hobs, and thoſe
Who Till our Lands, to fright away the Crows.
Then to ſtay here with his *Pindarique Lerries*,
Draw him in *Kent* as frighting Rooks from Cherries,
Or elſe upon *Ben. Tooke*'es Ship to ſail
With him and *Nat.* the next Fair-blowing Gale,

Into

Into the Land of *Whigland*, where no doubt
If once they come, they'l hardly thence get out:
The Soil, the Air, the Country is ſo good,
They'l never want for good and wholeſom Food:
They were the Men who firſt found out the Land,
Why then ſo proper to fetch home the Sand
Of thoſe Rich Banks, as theſe *Utopian* Sprights,
Who found it out in long dark Winter Nights;
When Fogs aroſe, when ſcarce they ſaw their Hand,
Yet theſe brave Mouſers then found out the Land,
A Land that flows with Beaſts and *Iriſh* Cattle,
Fitting to ſerve them in their *Whigland* Battle;
Draw them here weighing to fetch home more Mice,
And let their *Cargo* be a Ship of Lice:
But when they're launcht into the Ocean deep,
Let *Neptune* lull them all *there* faſt aſleep,
Within his criſped Arms, and never more,
To have ſuch Vermin on our *Engliſh* Shore.
Painter ſtop here, if this you Paint with skill,
You ſhall be Laureat of the Pencil Quill.
Draw next *Nath. Thompſon* with his Croſs-Key Fetters,
And all his Bullies of the *Roman* Letters;
Draw him, be ſure, as limping with one Leg,
Then draw the other faſt ſtuck on a Peg,
And cannot ſtir without ſome fetch him thence,
By *Habeas Corpus* of Saint *Peter's* Pence;
But draw him with ſuch Actions at his Tail,
That none ſhall venture thence to give him Bail;
Paint him ſo wicked, as never to have hope
To fly from thence, unleſs it be by Rope,
Which if he ſcape, then draw him there to lye,
A Rogue he liv'd, and ſo there let him dye.
Draw *Towzer*, *Nat.* and *Clitus* here together,
As if they were Birds of the ſelf-ſame Feather;
Next draw *Satyricks*, which ſo much do flutter,
Becauſe they want ſome Honey to their Butter,
In their Sublimes, wherein our Noble Peers,
They make ſo bold, to pluck them by their Ears,

Becauſe

Becauſe ſtout Champions for their Countries good,
Though by theſe Fops they are not underſtood;
A bold Imperious flattering ſort of Cattle,
Who make a Noiſe, juſt like the Childrens Rattle,
And do deſerve with all their Herds and Flocks,
Faſt to be tyed to the Whipping-ſtocks,
And them be laſht until they learn more Wit,
Or there remain till Parliament may Sit.
Kings and bold Tyrants are the ſelf-ſame things
With theſe Fleſh-Flies, when mounted on their Wings,
Witneſs of late their *Pretorian* Praiſe,
For which ſome ſay, *Our Laureat won the Baies*
In thoſe Rebellious Times; and now he takes
Hell and the Devil, and the *Stygian* Lakes,
And them impleads for to inſpire his Muſe,
His King and Country, and his Peers to abuſe;
Come Painter, leave him to our Cupping-Box,
Which may in time abate this ſwelling Pox,
Which he hath caught among the *Tory* Crew;
Leave him with them, to ſing Cuckold Adieu.
Here ſpake my Painter thus; Sir if you pleaſe
Now to ſit down, and give your ſelf ſome eaſe,
I have a mind to draw one here below,
As a Lievetenant to your *Rookie Show*,
If not room here, in our next Wainſcot Page,
And this ſhall be the *Tinker* of our Age,
That ſpecial dry Chip of a piece of Wood,
Who never writ, nor thought of what was good;
It matters not to draw him to the life,
Since he is dead, with all his Works of ſtrife;
And though the *Tories* may perchance to huff,
To hear their Champion went out like a ſnuff,
Yet here I'le draw him with a Face of Braſs,
Becauſe his Name was Monſieur *Hudibraſs*;
I'le draw him firſt here ſcraping to the Devil,
To cure the State of the Fanatique Evil,
And to inſpire his baſe Hobgoblin Muſe,
By Tumbling Art, the Loyal *Phans* to abuſe;

Then I will draw him, and his doughty Rymes,
Only to pleaſe the now debauched Times,
And all his Ribbald and Romantick Stories,
Only to pleaſe the *Hogan Mogan Tories*;
I'le let my Pencil here now run at Rovers,
As if I were to draw here *Kentiſh* Drovers;
Then ſhall my Right Hand fairly daſh about,
As if I did intend to draw Diſhclout;
Be ſure I'le draw him all in Rags and Rents,
And in thoſe Rags burleſquing Parliaments;
I'le drew him now in Dogrel Meeter,
And there like to a Chimney-Sweeper,
With all his knick-knacks at his ſhoulders,
To mend the Bumpkins and Freeholders,
Where er'e he comes for to make ſport,
Either in City, or in Court;
I'le draw him in his proper Geers,
In ſetting Dogs and Bears by th'Ears;
I'le draw him and his prophane Wit,
As pleaſing to the *Tory Cit*;
I'le draw him hab-nab at a venture,
Then draw him cutting of Indenture,
With twenty Maggots and miſhaps,
As he came home from Mother *Red-Caps*,
Upon his Body and his Noddle,
As being ſo drunk he could not ſtraddle,
But down he fell into a Ditch,
And there was bit by a Salt-Bitch,
And ever ſince he could not write
One word of Truth; but only Bite;
I'le draw him here with all his Pranks,
And then preſented with no Thanks,
Only for his Rambling Prattle,
He was preſented with a Rattle.

For this poor Rogue, after his Dogrel huff,
Went out from hence juſt like a Candle ſnuff,

And

And after all this Swineheards Revel Rout,
Had not one Ring to hang upon his Snout,
Which made him ſuch a true diſcons'late Elf,
Ready with grief almoſt to hang himſelf;
Here then I'le draw him with deep Jigger Jagger,
In Life a Locuſt, and in Death a Beggar.

Monſieur,
Se vous rend grace pour ce dernier effort,
Which may perhaps make *Whig* and *Tory* ſport.
Painter draw next the Worthies of our Nation,
Who from their hearts deſire Reformation,
And willing are to ſuffer Penal Laws
Againſt them made in any Righteous Cauſe:
Then Paint them hoping the next Parliament,
Will all their Fears and Jealouſies prevent;
If not before, then draw them all Addreſſing,
And on their knees imploring Heav'ns great bleſſing
Upon them all, and that he would now pleaſe
T'incline King *Charls* his heart to give them eaſe,
Or elſe with ſtrength their Loyal Hearts ſupport,
Againſt new Edicts that ſhall come from Court;
But Painter draw them ſtill with a deſire
That Royal *Charls* ſhould quench that ſmoaking Fire,
Which is almoſt throughout the Nation ſpread,
Which makes them ſo (poor hearts) to hang the Head.
Painter next draw the Clergy of our Nation,
As being mounted on a Lofty Station,
And juſt below them place thoſe Worthy Men,
Which even now you drew forth with your Pen,
And in their Mouths this Label place as ſent
Unto thoſe Clergy, and next Parliament.

Great Sirs,
We don't pretend to things that are ſublime,
Above our ſphere, as namely Laws Divine,
To be enforced by the Civil Sword,
But only by that Charming Voice, his Word,

Moſt plainly Preacht unto our common Sence,
By Arguments of Reaſon drawn from thence,
Which is that Light ſet up within Man's Breaſt,
That doth diſtinguiſh him from a Brute Beaſt,
(Which muſt be Rul'd with Bit and Bridle too,
With Whip and Spur, if you will have him do.)
No other way as yet we have found out,
To ſave Men's Souls, or to reſolve a Doubt,
And therefore will not with the *Tories* prate
At ſuch a bold pragmatick ſcrabling rate,
By Laws Eſtabliſht both in Church and State.
The laſt is yours, the firſt it is God's Throne,
And thoſe who grate ſo much upon that Bone,
Are Rebells more than thoſe of Forty One.
Poor mortal Shrubs! we dare not ſo preſume
To think that we can make a ſweet Perfume
Unto the King of Kings, by making Laws
For to Eſtabliſh his moſt Righteous Cauſe,
Which he hath undertaken, and hath ſent
His only Son on purpoſe to preſent
His Will to us, in Acts of Parliament,
Of Scripture-Records, ſigned with the Blood
Of Chriſt himſelf; for all the Nations good
Under the Cope of Heaven, if they will come
Submit to him, and to his glorious Son.
All Cob-web Laws of States-men ſince that time,
Have only been but Water mixt with Wine,
In Church-Affairs; for doubtleſs that's his own
Moſt proper Right, which we dare not diſown,
Since he hath promis'd that the Gates of Hell
Shall ne'r prevail againſt his Charming Bell
Of *Magna Charta* Laws, where Reaſon muſt us guide,
And not the Pope, nor any Man beſide
On this ſide Heaven, ſo as to force Aſſent,
Beyond the power and dint of Argument,
For Mortal Men to make Immortal Laws,
To bind our Souls, and free us from the Jaws

Of

Of Everlasting Death; how doth it look
Just like a Whale caught with a small Fish-hook;
And though our Rulers do pretend so high,
To guard the Throne of Soveraign Majesty,
By their By-Laws Imposed on his Church,
They will at last be left all in the Lurch;
And they shall see their folly in his time,
Who only makes such Laws as are Divine,
And not for them to meddle with, but stand
In their own proper sphere to give command,
Where God hath plac'd them by his Soveraign Power,
To guard Mens Bodies, not their Souls devour,
By forcing them against their common sense,
To make Men Hypocrites, under pretence
Of guarding of God's Truth, but make them evil,
And send by whole-sale Men unto the Devil;
Yet this you venture at with full intent,
In your Imposing things Indifferent;
And when you have once got the Royal Stamp,
Our Old Religion then you'l strait new vamp
With Trash and Trumpery, only t'abuse
God's holy Church, with Country clouted Shoes,
And then you thunder out Hell and Damnation,
To all that will not Bow (throughout the Nation)
Unto your Idols, which you so Adore,
And here set up, just like a Painted Whore,
And do present her to the Peoples sight,
As if she had the stamp of Divine Right:
For shame leave off these whiffling tricks of Art,
Whereby you make the Nation so much smart;
We dare be bold t'affirm these Impositions,
Are only Rellicks of *Rome*'s Superstitions;
And though you press them with such Zealous Rage,
In Press and Pulpit, to this present Age,
Yet we do think (and therein may be bold)
You'l never bring this Nation to your Mould.
Though you do say, the things themselves are such
Which may be us'd, or not us'd over much;

And do affirm, although Indifferent
In their own nature; but a Parliament,
When they Impoſe them, and them do proclaim,
The caſe is alter'd, now they muſt remain
Not as before. But all of them ſuch things
As if commanded by the King of Kings:
'Tis not the things themſelves that are ſo ſacred,
But Royal *Stamp*, that hath them ſo Created.
This is your great *Goliah*, who bids defiance,
And upon whom you have ſo ſtrong Reliance;
One little ſtone thrown from a Striplings Sling,
Will ſtrip your Champion of his Treble String,
And he ſhall tell him, and need ſay no more,
This very thing ſets up the Scarlet Whore,
Top and Top gallant, with her Plumes ſo high,
As if ſhe'd mount above the Starry Sky,
And there invade even Soveraign Majeſty,
As if he could not tell what to Impoſe,
Without the Statute of his Bulls and Blows:
It is the common Art which ſhe doth uſe,
To cheat their Chickens, and poor Souls abuſe,
In telling them, they muſt not think too much
Of any thing Impos'd by holy Church,
For by the ſame Law you Impoſe but one,
You may do here as they have done at *Rome*,
Impoſe one hundred, and in time may clog
All our Religion with the *Romiſh* Fog;
Like the *Egyptian* Darkneſs, which was ſuch,
That none could find the right way to their Church;
Pray what ſecurity give you theſe Men,
That charge you thus with their plain downright Pen:
Impoſe but one, then by the ſelf-ſame hand
Impoſe an hundred by your juſt command,
All muſt obeyed be, or elſe forſooth
You'l tell the King they have an aking Tooth,
Who do Diſſent, to be at ſome ſtrange things,
Make him the Foot, and they themſelves all Kings.

This

This is the very Language of all ſuch
Who count themſelves the Pillars of the Church;
And ſo at length they'l come to *Infinitum*,
With Popiſh Trinckets, only to invite'um
To come to us, that ſo at laſt they may
Save all our Souls the clean contrary way;
Whereas we know, that Heaven's right charming Bell,
Is to perſuade, but never to compel,
Unleſs it be by ſuch a Bow that's bent
(*Non Vi & Armis, ſed*) with ſtrong Argument,
As knowing th'Terrours of our dreadful Lord,
We do perſuade Obedience to his Word;
But your Impoſing things Indifferent
by Statute-Laws, in Acts of Parliament,
Hath made the Breach ſo wide in Church and State,
That may at laſt end in a broken Pate,
For ought we know, unleſs it God prevent,
By ſending us an Healing Parliament,
Which may leave all theſe things (like Heaven) ſo free,
That all ſhall Love His preſent Majeſty
With all their Souls, their Bodies, and their States,
And one and all cry down theſe Maggot Pates,
Who would enſlave us to the *Roman* Chair,
And by degrees would cut off all our Hair
Wherein our ſtrength doth lie; but hold a Blow,
We know our Truſtees, theſe things better know,
Than for to ſend us once more to that Church,
Which will at laſt leave all our Souls i'th'lurch.
Come Painter, now cloſe up, for we have done,
We'l leave theſe *Bigots* to the Church of *Rome*,
Who may perchance be cheated (juſt like theſe,
Who once were Pigeons, but now counted Crows)
Unleſs they will, to ſave their Plumes, but turn,
(*Camelion* like) before that they will burn.

Honoi ſoit qui mal y penſe.

The Prologue ſpoken by Mr. Tho. Tell-Truth, *as Captain of the School, being cloathed in Vermillion Sattin, and a white Plume of Feathers in his Hat; and Addreſſing himſelf firſt to the Gentlemen and Ladies, and afterwards to the Scholars (who were alſo cloathed in their proper Formalities) he began as followeth.*

Gentlemen and Ladies,

IF you are come, expecting Grammar Treats,
Our Lads can ſham; the World's ſo full of Cheats;
But yet they ſay (though thwarting Expectation)
They hope to pleaſe you by a Declaration,
Which they will ſend abroad for to expoſe
As well the Churches, as the Kingdoms Foes;
And this they'l ſpeed quite round about the Nation,
Bedlams our Scene, and our juſt provocation;
For you muſt know, that to this place was ſent
Some Friends of ours, as mad and TURBULENT;
And here forſooth they muſt have Doctor *French*,
To give them Pills, their hot Brains for to quench,
Although indeed the Fops that *like* that Play,
Are ten times madder, as you'l hear to day:
We mean thoſe Franticks, who did firſt excite
The Ravens Gooſe-quill, that Sham to Endite;
And ſince our Maſter, to requite his ſtrain,
Gave us this Theam, his Maggot to explain,
And to declare the Truth unto all thoſe
Who cann't diſtinguiſh between Doves and Crows.
Our Friends retain their Wits, even as created
Rooks feed on Carrion, and are Maggot-pated.
We ſay our Maſter, who doth yonder ſit,
Gave us this Theam to exerciſe our wit:
Our Plumes proclaim their Dove-like Innocence;
Our Sattin ſhows they are without offence.
Our baſhful Poet in his *Bedlam* Veſt,
Was clapt in alſo there among the reſt,
Only for daſhing two words with his Quills,
There he was ſent this *Lent* to take ſome Pills,

Et

Num. Ducent. quinque being his Doſe cell,
There he beat out his *Hocus Pocus* Spell;
Thence alſo came his new invented Glaſs,
With which he hopes to cure both Fool and Aſs,
The which he hath expos'd to publick view,
Hoping likewiſe to purge the *Tory Crew.*
When Men are oft expos'd, they ſee their folly,
And ſome return from their mad Melancholy.
We hope you'l thank him for his good Intents,
To Prince, to People, and to Parliaments.
Porters forbear, let not the *Tories* in,
Theſe to the Pope, ſome ſay, are near of kin;
But hang't for once, come let them all draw near,
'Tis not the Pope or *Tories* that we fear;
We'l repreſent plain Truths, let them tell Lyes,
They ſhoot at Rovers, we ſhall gain the Prize;
Although perhaps they may, for ought we know,
Go and declare they've ſeen the *Raree-ſhow*,
And ſwear it too, againſt our Maſter here,
To get ſome Cakes unto their late ſtrong Beer;
But unto theſe our Maſter bids defiance,
And to ſuch Rogues he hath not an Alliance;
And though the Truth to tell he hath thought fit,
He loves ingenious, but no Factious Wit.
And now we'l tell you what we ſhall expreſs,
To pleaſe your Fancies, either more or leſs;
For in ſo great a Congreſs ſome may huff,
Whigs take Tobacco, *Tories* they take Snuff.
Our Maſter gave, beſides our *Bedlam* Theams,
To Oil our Fancies, ſeveral ſorts of Scenes;
And in our Contemplations bid us hope
To Maul the *French*, the *Tories* and the *Pope*;
And in Obedience to his ſtrict Commands,
VVe launcht our Ship from off the *Goodwin* Sands;
As having then ſome breezing proſperous Gales,
VVe weigh'd our Anchors, and hois'd up our Sails,
Intending for the Cape of *Bon Sperance*,
VVhen Lo a Fleet with their full Sails from *France*,

Of

Of theſe bold Pirates, and their Popiſh Fry,
From off our Top-maſt head we did deſcry,
As if intending to ſurprize our Iſle;
Come Peace, come War, come either Croſs or Pile,
With bold Reſolves, by Shams, or elſe by Thumps,
That here at laſt the Pope ſhould turn up Trumps;
We call'd a Council ſtraight for to conſult,
And ſoon our Captains came to this Reſult,
To let them paſs into our *Engliſh* Channels,
And there to fight them and their VVater-Spaniels;
VVhere having fixt them, all along our Shoar,
VVe made our demi, and our whole Canons roar
So briskly on them, that in truth we may
Declare to you that we have got the day,
And ſo ſhall hold it, unleſs ſome ſtrange miſhaps
Do fall upon us like great Thunder-claps,
To beat us from our Anchors, and our Cables,
Which *Tories* hope, but we hope will prove Fables.
Theſe are the Men which we ſhall repreſent,
As bold and Factious heady Turbulent,
Diſloyal to their Prince, and ſcurr'lous to their Peers,
Fills all our Heads with Jealouſies and Fears,
As if the world were turned up ſide down,
And all good Men turn'd Traitors to the Crown;
If theſe may be believ'd, oh horrid ſhame,
That ſuch Bandogs ſhould ſtain their Chriſtian Name,
VVho never will (though ſo abus'd) let fly
One Blunderbuſs againſt His Majeſty;
Nor never will in any VVar-like Thumps,
Diſcharge one Gun againſt the Nations Trumps;
As private perſons; yet they may oppoſe,
Not only Forreign, but Domeſtick Foes,
VVho do ſo boldly in our bowels lurk,
(Far worſe to *England* than the *Jews* or *Turk*;)
And do endeavour to blow up our States
By Treaſons, Murders, or by broken Pates,
Or any thing which they can but deviſe,
Or Shams, or real Plots to make us prize,

Unto

Unto His Highneſs *Seignior Don* the Pope,
For which theſe Traitors well deſerve the Rope,
Which is too good for ſuch, who now ſurvive,
They rather merit to be burnt alive;
For *Lex Talionis* is a Righteous Law,
Our Martyr'd Saints this very Death they ſaw,
And alſo felt, witneſs Old *Smithfield* Rounds,
In times of yo're with ſhrill lamenting Sounds.
Now ſuch as theſe we may oppoſe each man
So far as legally (no more) we can,
And rather here than theſe ſhall turn up Trumps,
When Legs are cut, we'l fight upon our ſtumps.
Theſe are the Men in this our Declaration,
Which are th'Aggreſſors in our *Engliſh* Nation.
Our modeſt Poet with his Eagle wings,
Doth ſoar aloft unto the King of Kings,
Implores his Aid, for to direct his Quill,
To ſtop the mouths of all that wiſh us ill:
Let him proceed, and may he never faulter,
And theſe that ſlur him, let them have an Halter,
To draw them up, upon the Soveraign Tree,
We hope to this with us you will agree,
Scholars, *Maximè, Maximè, Maximè,*
Etiam, Etiam, Etiam.
Monſieurs, *Oui, Oui, Oui, Oui,*
Gentlemen and Ladies, *Yes, Yes, Yes, Yes.*
So now we will appeal in this our Frantick Reaſon,
Tories we dare you; Have we yet ſpoke Treaſon?
Tories, No, No, No, No.
Gentlemen aſide, Cunning Dogs, whatever they think, they dare not ſpeak otherwiſe for fear of being Macknamar'd.
Then you ſhall hear the reſt, you ſpeak like Men,
When we have done, you'l take this *Teſt* again;
Yes, Yes, Yes, Yes.
But hark our Muſe, the Lads now call and ſay,
It's time to ſtop, that they may come in play;
But yet to pleaſe, we fairly promiſe here
What wants in Front, to make good in the Rear.

Then turning himſelf to the Scholars, in particular to theſe who were to perform their Parts in the Dialogue (being all cloathed in their proper Formalities) ſpake as followeth:

Si Puer hoc ſciret quantum doctrina valeret,
Raro dormiret, ſed nocte dieque ſtuderet.

Adeſte Lads, and give your Maſter thanks
For this daies work, to ſhew us Noble Pranks,
Which may in time redound unto our praiſe,
And ſome of us may chance to win the Baies.
If we'l puſh hard, and think no labour loſt
Wherein we learn, Dame Learning to accoſt.
For this, dear Sirs, our Friends hath ſent us here,
Not to be drunk, or learn to domineer,
With theſe bold *Tories* of our preſent Age,
Which is a ſhame to mention on our Stage,
Where modeſt Truth and Virtue rule the Roaſt:
Not curſed Oaths, which to the Jurors coſt,
Will then appear, when as that dreadful *Ite*,
Of *Go you curſed*, and that bleſt *Venite*
Shall be pronounc'd, upon the Day of Doom,
When Heaven and Hell ſhall ſay, Come make us Room
For all our Subjects, in their proper ſtation,
As they did act within their State Probation.
Learn theſe two Letters if it be in *poſſe*
Memento mori, & teipſum noſce:
Learn, read and practice theſe two Letters well,
They'l teach us how to ſcape the Gates of Hell.
Now if you pleaſe you may lead up the Dance,
And board thoſe *Sweep-ſtakes* wch are come from *France*.
Remember firſt what is your Maſters due,
If you thank him, be ſure he will love you.

Scholars, *Gratias, Gratias, Gratias.*

The

The Names of the Scholaſtick Academians in the enſuing Catalogue.

Hocus Catholicus Romanos, } Two *Engliſh* Jeſuits ſent from *Rome* to *Sweden*, and from thence to *England*.
Pocus Catholicus Romanos, }

Rodomantados Licentias Liberoſos Publicanos, } An Obſervator.

Doctorius Anthropos Orthodoxius Anglicanos, } A true Legitimate, but a high-flown Tantivy Clergy-man of the Church of *England*.

Iſabella Van, } Harlot } Two common Strumpets.
Joanna Van, }

Jocoſus Pragmaticoſus Furioſus.
Mercurius Hibernos Toſſoffacanos. } Three ſwinging Informformers, the firſt is Jeſter to the *Obſervator*.
Mecurius Aglicanos Aſdriaſdos.

Theophilus Catholicus Chriſtianos. } Two Brethren, but in ſome things modeſt Diſſenters from the Church of *England* as by Law Eſtabliſhed.
Thomatius Catholicus Chriſtianos, alias *Thomatius Tell-Truth*,

Whigs and Tories,
Tantivies and Strangers,
Captains and Souldiers,
Conſtables and Watchmen,
Drawers and Coffee-men.

Dialogus Primus Serious & Comical.

In Nomine Domini incipit omne Malum.

Jocoſus Pragmaticoſus Furioſos;

SUrely our Veſper-man was invited by the Hackney-Dons this night to *Sup*per, which made him, when mounted in his Catholick Veſtments, ſpur his little black Devil under him, into a high Presbyterian Trot (as if he were to run a Race with the Butcher of *Croyden*) but I preſume it was to ſave part of his Coleworts and Bacon, which is the uſual Treats among thoſe Journey-men Sir *Johns*, for their Summer nights Repaſts.

Whig. Whereas you ſay it was a high Presbyterian Trot, I rather believe it was a Tantivy Gillop, and was intended for *Sam*'s Coffee-houſe (where I have ſeen you many a ſweet time, and as great with the *Obſervator* as Cup and Can), and ſhould he poſt much after the ſame rate, I dare lay Twenty Guineys he would quickly break his Neck, and then you may chop off his Head, and make a little Devil of him, and not ſo abuſe your *Pater-Noſter-man* before-hand, as I perceive you have already done by your laſt Diſcourſe. But ſince you are *Merry Andrew*, I cannot much blame you, in regard it is your place (I wiſh you have not at laſt a flap with a Fox Tail for your pains) to put your Inventions upon the wrack to pleaſe the high *Tories* and *Tantivy-Boyes* (now in vogue) but more eſpecially your Reverend Patron, and moſt profound Maſter the *Obſervator*.

J. P. Come *Whig* in *quarto* (for I perceive by your joyning with us to night, you are not of them in *Folio*) notwith-

notwithſtanding your Joaking Repartee, we will not fall out, but at in and in, as often (and as much) as you pleaſe, though ſometimes we muſt expect to be at croſs purpoſes with you, *viz.* Out Nettle, in Dock, *& cum multis aliis*, which I have not now time to repeat.

Doctorius Anthropos Anglicanos,

Come, ſince our Veſpers are already done,
Or as the Weſtern Volk do zay zo zoon)
And that *Don Phœbus*, Soveraign of the Light
Doth now draw near unto his ſhorteſt Night,
Which we do call Saint *Barnaby* the bright:
And that I have as yet three hours good,
Before I need go home unto my Wood,
To maul Diſſenters with my Ink-horn Pot,
To morrow morn. Come, come, the weather's hot,
I'le have a care I don't take too much pains
Againſt thoſe Rebels, leſt I crack my Brains
With too long Parchments in *Tantivy* ſtrains:
There is enough already will them fright,
Out of their ſenſes; *Towzer* doth ſo bite
Their Maggot-Pates with his ingenious Pen;
He ſhuts them up (like *Daniel*) in the Den
If that they will not bow unto the Pope,
In time they may taſte of his treple Rope;
Th're's he and *Nat.* and *Ridens* altogether,
Will ſmoak their Tails, as Birds all of a Feather:
Theſe are our Champions, we may now ſit ſtill,
And give them each a *Laureat* to their Quill.
I'le ſteer my Courſe unto *Comb*'s Coffee-houſe,
For ſome diverſion, perhaps catch a Louſe,
Which being pounded in a Glaſs of Sack,
My Doctor tells me is Old ſtrengthen-Back,
For my diſtemper, my old Jaundies grief,
Stars be propitious, ſend me ſome relief.

J. P. Now Doctor if you pleaſe to go before us,
We will come after and make up the Chorus.
D. A Well mov'd *Jack Pudding* with thy cuſtard noddle,
If thou wilt help, we'l ride the *Whigs* a ſtroddle.

J. P.

J. P. With all my heart, my honeſt Doctor *Tant*:
There you ſhall ſee how bravely I will chant,
My Gallick Tongue, and my rare flaſhy Wit,
Shall make the *Whigs*, and all the *Tories* ſplit
Themſelves with laughings, hums, huzza's, and after
They'l break their Faſts with merriment and laughter;
And all the Scholars, as they run to School,
Will ſtill be chanting of their *Bedlam* Fool.

D. A. Huzza brave *Pudding*, here's a Friend indeed,
To help a *Tory* at his time of need.

Mr. *Combs*.

You're welcome Doctor to our Coffee houſe,
But have a care you do not catch a Louſe;
The Ragged *Tories* have been here to day,
They ſuck up Mum, as whigs do ſuck up Whey.

D. A. I thank you *Combs*, now for your ſucking *Whigs*,
Though you miſtook, you meant ſure ſucking Piggs.

Mr. *Combs*.

I did indeed Sir, but there I did miſs,
Sed lapſus linguæ, non error mentis.

D. A. But have a care you do not ſlip too much,
Remember *Towzer*, and *Alhallows* Church.

Mr. *C.* I thank you Sir for this your precious *Item*,
Though for the Truth (ſome ſay) that he did bite 'em:
But as for that, we will not here diſpute,
Leave that to *Harry*, him for to confute;
He's Canon-proof, he cares not for his Guns,
Nor all his paultry, frothy Paper Puns,
Which he puts forth in his Old Canting way,
To pleaſe the *Tories* which have gone aſtray.

D. A. But what's become of all your *Tory* Cattle?

Mr. *C.* They're all marcht off unto the *Whigland* Battle;
The Trumpets ſounded, and the Drums they beat,
And I was glad to hear of their Retreat.
Here was *Ben. Took*, and with him *Heraclitus*,
Who with Pindariques every week doth fright us.
Theſe are the Captains for that New found Land,
They were the Men who firſt found out the Sand

Of

Of thoſe Rich Mines beyond the *Indian* ſhore,
And now they're launching to fetch home ſome more:
Theſe are brave *Steers*-men, bold *Utopian* ſprights,
Who found it out in long dark winter nights;
And though they ſay the Prince of that Rich Land,
Is loth to part with any of his *Sand*;
Yet to prevail with ſome old Jaundy Mice
Within his Court, they take a Ship of Lice
Now for a *Cargo*, in hopes when on the Shore,
Thoſe Jaundy Mice will change them all for Ore.

J. P. And if they oft return, I make no doubt,
But in ſhort time to ſee a total Rout
Of all thoſe *Whigs* which do infeſt our Lands,
Theſe Golden Mines will raiſe ſuch Trained Bands,
If not to fight, yet to out-ſwear the Devil,
Then *Tony* ſhall be cured of his Evil. *Tories* Huzza.

D. A. If not before, I fear he never will
Utopian Ships do rather fright than kill. (cloſe,

J. P. VVhat e're you think, pray don't our Plots diſ-
Sometimes we fight with Pens, ſometimes with Blows.
VVe have aſſay'd to make a *Whigland* Plot,
If ill ſucceſs attends, pray blame us not,
Though we do ſtretch Inventions on the wrack,
Sometimes ſo high, our very Ropes do crack,
But we muſt ſtill ſay Mum, our skill's no leſs,
Though we do meet with ſo much bad ſucceſs,
Whigs, Hum, Hum, Hum.

Whig. And may you alwaies have the ſame ſucceſs,
Let God you blaſt, and let *Don* Pope you bleſs.

D. A. Come, come *Jack P.* let us call a new Cauſe:
Prethee *Combs* who is that man ſits there at the next Table, he looks as if he were a man of metal, and I have a mind to hear what he can ſay for himſelf; theſe *Whigs* here at this Table do ſo buz in my Ears with Hums and Haws at every period of our diſcourſe, that it would make an Horſe break his Halter to hear their gaping Mouths.

But

But *Will*, where have you been? ſince you are come,
Bring us Tobacco, and one Quart of Mum.

Will. I will Doctor immediately.

Mercurius Hibernos Toſſoffacanus,
And me another, if you pleaſe good *Will*,
To drink the Doctor's Health I'le try my skill.

Mercurius Anglicus Aſdriaſduſt,
Bring me another for to quench my Thirſt,
I am as dry as ever was the Duſt.

D. A. Jack, VVhat are all theſe Fellows that call at this rate here round about us?

J. P. Mr. Doctor, take my word for it, they are all very honeſt Fellows, true Trouts, and all as good Sons of the Church as ever——They are come in hot.

I ſent them about ſome particular Affairs concerning the Settlement of the Nation (in theſe diſtracted times) and now they muſt (as well as your ſelf) after Exercife, give Nature a Phillip with two or three quarts of Mum, to ſpirit them on for any Attempt that I ſhall Impoſe upon them.

D. A. In paucis verbis Jack I underſtand thee, and I am glad they are now come here with all my heart, and ſo Gentlemen you are moſt kindly welcome.

Then here goes honeſt *Pudding*'s Health,
Come drink it on your Head,
For he hath ſo much VVit and VVealth,
He'l bring the Pope to Bed.
Tories, Huzza, Huzza.

But Mr. *Combs*, what is that Gentleman's Name which I ſpake to you before of, who ſits at the next Table?

Mr. *C.* He is a very honeſt Gentleman, I will aſſure you; he is my very good Cuſtomer; he ſpeaks not much, but when he doth, he ſpeaks to the purpoſe, and all people that hear him do very much acquieſce in his Determinations.

D. A.

D. A. Pray what is his Name?

Mr. *C.* His Name is Mr. *Tho. Tell-Truth.*

D. A. Is he *Whig* or *Tory* according to the preſent *Alamode* diſtinction of the Fanatick Times?

Mr. *C.* I preſume he is neither, becauſe I have often heard him commend the Character of a Good Man neither *Whig* nor *Tory*, and he doth alwaies lay down this Poſition between the two Extreams;

In medio conſiſtit Virtus.

But yet ſome call him a *Whig* for all that; but if he be one, I believe it is one of the laſt Edition, *viz.* a Common Prayer *Whig*, as you and others of my *Tory* Cuſtomers are pleaſed to call him.

J. P. Pax take him for a *Whig*, if he be a Common-Prayer *Whig*, Doctor, he is not for our company, and we ſhall do no good upon him; it will be but loſt labour to attempt any thing upon his Dogmaticals; for thoſe kind of *Whigs* are ſuch a ſort of Cattle, that you cannot drive them one ſtep beyond the Sentiments of their own carnal and (now in our lapſed State) corrupted Reaſon; and yet they do cry Reaſon up at that rate, as if they were Roaſting Eggs with it every day in the week.

D. A. Have a little patience good Boy, and let's have a little diſcourſe with him, fall Back, fall Edge.

Mr. *C.* Have a care Doctor; though you are very pleaſant, and alwaies playing on the poor *Whigs* (which are now at a very low Ebb) yet perhaps Mr. *Tho. Tell-Truth* may give you as good as you bring; for I will aſſure you, he hath been too hard for many that have entered the Liſts with him.

D. A. I long to be at him; for *Combs*, I muſt tell you (*bona fide*, & *in verbo Sacerdotis*) to me it is Meat, Drink, and Cloth.

Will, Will, Make haſte good Lad, come hither, come,
Bring us ſome Pipes, and to'ther Quart of Mum.

Will. What's a Clock?

W. It is not yet Seven.

Beſt of all, for then I ſhall have the more time to recreate my ſelf among your Maſters *Whiglanders* before I go home to take my ſweet and natural Repoſe; but indeed I thought it had been much later, but it ſeems St. *Chriſtophers* Church, was done ſooner to night than ordinary.

Thomatius Catholicus Chriſtianos alias *Tho. Tell Truth.*

Mr. *Combs*, What is that Clergy-man there that hath asked you twice concerning me?

Mr. *C.* He is a High *Tantivy-man* of the Church of *England*, a Boon Companion, but excellent company, if a man do not teaſe him too much, and he would very willingly have ſome diſcourſe with you the plain truth is, he doth love dearly to Joak & Jeſt (and at this time he hath got the *Obſervator's* Jeſter with him to bear up a chorus) with the honeſt *Whigs* that come to my houſe.

T. T. With all my heart Mr. *Combs*, I ſhall be very willing to drink a glaſs of Mum with him, if he be not quarrelſom, nor yet his Jeſter, if a man ſhould chance now and then to give him a *Corniſh* Hug, or to pinch them cloſe.

Mr. *C.* I will hope the contrary; but if it ſhould chance to fall out otherwiſe, we have Mr. Conſtable at the next Door (*viz.* Mr. *Kid*) who will quickly come and keep the King's Peace.

T. T. Your Servant Mr. Doctor, I perceive by your Canonical Veſtments, that you are a perſon of Quality, though by what Names or Titles ſoever Dignified or Diſtinguiſhed, I cannot tell.

D. A. Sir, I am ſo; and to give you ſome further ſatisfaction as to my Titles and Dignities; my Name is *Doctorius Anthropos Orthodoxius Anglicanos*, and that is an high Title, for I am ſure it ſounds very ſublime, *viz.* a True, Orthodox, Legitimate Son of the Church of *England*; and then as to my Dignities and Spiritual Promotions, I am Rector of *All Souls*; I am Prebend of *Baſchurch*; I am Vicar of *Nonſuch*; I am Chaplain in Ordinary to Biſhop *Woodby*; and I

am

am Dean of *Christ-Church*, as soon as ever I can get some Noble Patron to present me with the same at the next vacancy.

T. T. All these are very gay things, if you of the Clergy would not so much abuse them.

D. A. I will assure you Sir, we scorn to abuse,
We hug them close for our own proper use.

T. T. 'Tis very true, for others do complain,
Some Preach for nothing, but you Preach for gain.

D. A. Well Mr. *Tell-Truth*, this is beside our business at present, but I will lay this down before you as a Position, and pray answer it as fast as you can, to the content and satisfaction of this present Congregation here Assembled; *viz.* That if it were not for Honest *Nat. Thompson* (that Loyal protestant) *Heraclitus Ridens*, and the most Worthy and Learned *Observator*, who are our Champions, our Guides, our Glass-Lanthorns, our Beacons, our Land-Marks, our *Touch* and *Go* Tinder-Boxes, or Setting-Dogs, our *Towzers*, our Tumblers, *cum multis aliis*, &c. the True, Loyal, and most Obedient Sons of the Church of *England*, would be run down by the *Whigs* most abominably.

T. T. To cure us of our Jealousies and Fears,
By Setting us together by the Ears.
You High-flown Church-men, with your spatter-Brains,
Wou'd split us all, if you did hold the Reins.

D. A. And should be glad with all our Souls to see
Such curst Rogues hang on the Gallow-Tree.
Tories, *Huzza*, *Huzza*.

T. T. This is right (Mr. *Tantivy*) to the Tune of *Flying Fame*, *alias secundum* Doctor *Dulman*, *alias* Doctor *Blunderbux*, who Preacht a Sermon to a Learned Auditory, not long after His Majesties Restauration, and having therein, as he thought, given the poor Fanaticks a mortal wound, he concludes his most elaborate and dull piece with these two Verses, in hobling Meeter.

And all that will not say *Amen*, *Amen*.
Let them be hang'd, I say, agen, agen.

J. P. And, had I been there, I would have made the People given him such Hums, as would have made the very Bells in the Steeple strike their Clappers to have given him thanks for his Orthodox Sermon; for I hear that Doctor was a true Son of the Church of *England*, and we want more of such grand Pillars to support us, *Tories*, Huzza, Huzza.

D. A. We have consulted our Prospective-Glass,
To make a *Whig* not only Fool, but Ass;
And are resolved never for to center,
Until we have not only burst the Venter,
But broke the Back of Naked Truth, who stands
In bold Defiance to our Church Commands,
And let her bounce, and prate, and use her skill,
We'ave got her now at our dispose and will.
Tory, Huzza, Huzza.

T. T. If this your Resolutions therein be;
Truth will prevail, in time she'l make us free;
For all your huffing and your bouncing words,
Your *Tory* Musquets, and your Rusty Swords,
Which came from Hell (unto your own great Fame)
There you shall center, or (say) Truth is lame;
She never yet did fail her Sons with Shield,
And Buckler too, to make them win the Field.
Whigs, Hum, Hum, Hum.

D. A. Courage bold *Towzer*, now stand up, or never,
You see these Rogues intends us all to sever,
By their high Lofty strains, but yet we hope
If you don't slag us, they shall have a Rope,
To draw them up, upon the Triple Tree,
There let them sing, *Then hey Boys up go we*.
Tories, Huzza, Huzza.

T. T. Before that day we do no question make,
But your's, the Pope's, and *Towzer*'s heart will ake,
You know of late what did become of *Nat*.
Towzer beware, the *Whigs* do smell a Rat:

If him and *Ridens* there ſhould after run,
Who then muſt guard *his* Ship and *your* ſplit Gun.
Whigs, Hum, Hum, Hum.

J. P. A Pox of all theſe *Whigland* Sons of Whores,
Who ſtill do lurk along our *Engliſh* Shores;
Come hang 'um, dam 'um, rot 'um, let 'um run,
They'l never leave us, till their War is done.
They are ſo bold, and ſtill will give us Thumps,
Cut off their Legs, they'l fight upon the ſtumps.

T. T. Leave us now then, and you ſhall ſee hereafter
We'l give you *Tories*, fair and gentle Quarter.
We will not touch one Hair upon your Head,
But by ſweet words we'l bring you all to Bed,
And heap up Coals of Love upon your Crowns,
Not Fire nor Fagots in Old *Smithfield* Rounds,
'Tis not for naked Truth to act ſuch things
As will diſpleaſe her Lord, the King of Kings.
Whigs, No, No, No.

J. P. Come Doctor leave 'um, to melt in their greaſe,
That we have here ſo fairly kept the Peace.
For had we made the leaſt Reſiſtance, ſtrait
Their next effort had been a broken Pate.
Our Men were wiſe not to proceed ſo far.

M. T. For we had heard of Captain *Macknamar.*

M. A. I love for to inform, but hate to fight with thoſe
Who do my Maſter ſcorn, and love ſo much dry blows.
Whigs, Hum, Hum, Hum.

J. P. *Allons Monſieur car il eſt desja bion Tard*,

D. A. With all my heart good *Jack*, before that we are (marr'd.

Come *Will*, take money here, though theſe confounded *Whigs* have nettled us, yet I will pay thee very honeſtly; I have had three Quarts of Mum, four Diſhes of Coffee, five Pipes of Tobacco, which is in all two ſhillings and three pence; here is an old Rumper half Crown, (which I know you all love ſo well) and take three pence for thy ſelf.

Strangers, Hiſs, Hiſs, Hiſs.

T. T.,

T. T. You are miſtaken Sir, you do abuſe
Your King, your Country, with ſuch ſhamming News.
We love our Triple State too well, to chuſe
A *Protectorian Magna Farta* State;
We are for Laws, and not as you do prate.
D. A. Come *Jack*, let's go, & meet at *Kids* to morrow,
One Quart at *Greens*, will waſh away all ſorrow,
Which here we have receiv'd Demain perhaps,
The *Whigs* may pray for theſe their Thunder-Claps.
J. P. Hang ſorrow, caſt away care,
Though *Whigs* they do not mind us,
Their Lockram Jaws we'l rent and tear,
When we've got them behind us.
Tories, Huzza, Huzza.
Good night, bold *Whigs*, I bid you all good night,
I cannot ſtay, for I muſt go to ſh—
Whigs, Hiſs, Hiſs, Hiſs.
T. T. Come let them go for high *Tantivy* Elves,
Give them but Rope, in time they'l hang themſelves:
And though they hope to morrow they ſhall ſing,
I fear they harp upon a rotten ſtring,
And they will meet as good as they ſhall bring.
Whigs, We do reſolve to meet them there to morrow;
T. T. That I can't, *Whigs*, this is to my great ſorrow:
But if they chance to light upon my Brother,
He'l do their Job, you need not have another.

Exeunt Omnes.

Dialogus

Dialogus Secundus,

Serious, Comical, and Satyrical.

A. D. Bonjour.

MY darling Drudge, I'le take thy word again,
J. P. To ſerve you Doctor, I'le croſs o're the Main.
And though laſt night we had ſo bad ſucceſs,
I think *Tom Truth*, the Devil did him bleſs,
With Magick Art, to help him at his need,
Which made him run ſo faſt, and with ſuch ſpeed;
And now my blood doth riſe within my veins,
To knock him down, or elſe beat out his brains.

D. A. I do accord the *Whigs* they were too hard,
But yet am glad we were not *Macknamar'd.*
Pray hold a blow, beware a broken Pate,
If with your Tongue you can give them Checkmate,
I like it well; but ſtill make there a ſtand,
Be well adviſ'd; let this be my Command.

J. P. Doctor, to me you ſeem to be diſcreet;
'Tis good for fools ſometimes wiſe men do meet;
I'le take your counſel, and reſolve 'gainſt Truth,
A fixed Hand, but not a Tongue-ty'd Mouth.

D. A. Hold there *Jack Pudding*, you'l do well enuf,
And by degrees you will them all out-huff.

J. P. I do not queſtion but my bouncing Fits
Will fright the *Whigs* all ſtark out of their wits:
I have *Conundrums* this day in my Head,
By which I hope to bring them all to bed.

Mr. *Gibbs*,
Hum, quoth Sir *Harry*, whom have we here to day?
Tories, *Tantivies*, and all ſo fine and gay,
As if they meant now for to Act a Play.

Harry. There is *Doctorious*, to make up their nu nber,
We hope the *Whigs* will part them all in ſunder,

When

When they come in, *there* ſits a Face of Braſs,
Here ſits another looks ſo like an Aſs;
A Toper ſure enough, there ſits another. (Brother,
Mr. *Gibbs*. But *Harry* look, here comes *Tom Tell-truths*
He'l pay them off, as ſure as Eggs be Eggs,
And fix their Tongues within their Ivory Peggs.
Harry. Courage my Maſters, lead them up a Dance,
And let it be that new one late from *France*.

From all that are now 'gainſt the Pope's pulling down,
And a *Tory* Addreſs from the right Country Clown,
Who at our late Parliaments do ſo much frown.
Libera nos, &c.

Whigs. Hum, Hum, Hum.
J.P. What ails theſe *Whigland* Coxcombs for to crow,
No Storms appear, unleſs a *Ra-ree* Show
They do foreſee, which makes 'em ſo to Hum,
Come Doctor (*Vobis*) in a Glaſs of Mum;
They'l fill our Heads with Jealouſies and Fears,
With theſe their Scar-Crows, and their blind Bug-bears,
And when they can, will be about our Ears.
D. A. Nay, as for that, we value them not one Ruſh,
When e're they come, we'l give them puſh for puſh.
J.P. Well mov'd my Lad, I ſee that you can bounce,
Thoſe very words are worth Guiney an Ounce;
And for your ſelf, in being now ſo bold,
I'le ſwear to boot, you're worth your weight in Gold.
Tories. Huzza, Huzza.
Harry. They all did Hum to ſee a friend ſit there,
He'l vent your Tubs, and make you drink ſmall Beer:
He'l cut your Coxcombs, though you now ſo ſleer;
He'l cure your Maggots, if you him do jeer.
J.P. What ſauce-box's this, who talks at this wild rate?
I have a mind to crack him o're the Pate.
Harry. To let you know, I am my Maſter's Man,
Now Conſtable, do what you dare or can.
D.A. Good *Jack* forbear, pray do not break the Peace,
Take my Advice, let all dry Blows now ceaſe.

J.P.

I will (good Sir) take your Advice although, I had ſome thoughts to give him one ſmart blow.

But *Harry*, laying aſide all Quarrels, prithee tell me who is that perſon that ſits there, which made your Maſters Cuſtomers, ſo to hum at the very ſight of him?

Harry. With all my Heart, I will tell you that, and any thing elſe, in a civil way, if you will keep your Cane within your Leggs, and not heave it at my Pate.

I. P. I will, I will, I'le aſſure you.

Harry. Sir, It is one Mr. *Theophilus*, Mr. *Tell-Truths* own Brother.

D. A. Tell-Truths Brother? I wiſh we had never ſeen him nor his Brother neither, but Mum for that.

I. P. But is it *Theophilus Rationalis*, the Author of *Multum in Parvo*?

Harry. I cannot inform you, as to that, for he goes with us by the name of Mr. *Theophilus Catholicus Chriſtianus*, but the Company, and all my Maſters Cuſtomers give him a great deal of reſpect, for his true Loyalty to his Prince, his Clemency and Moderation in all caſes and upon all points whatſoever, relating either to Church or State.

I. P. Harry, I thank you, for giving me this Information, as far as you can, and if you will inform me, of any thing in this, or the like nature, when I deſire it? I will be very civil to you; and here is a *George* on Horſeback for you, towards your *Chriſtmaſs* Box.

Harry. I moſt humbly thank you, moſt worthy and noble Sir, it is the greateſt Guift I have had preſented me this many a day, you have obliged me; Sir, I ſhall ———

I. P. And likewi e I do make it my requeſt, That if Mr. *Obſervator*, and my ſelf, do chance to meet here ſometimes, you will ſatisfy us in any thing that we

ſhall propoſe to you, by way of Interrogation.

Harry. Yes, yes, as far as my ſlender capacity doth extend, you need not make the leaſt ſcruple of my ready complyance with you both, upon any ſuch like account.

I. P. I will aſſure you, we ſhall be both very grateful unto you, and likewiſe ſhall endeavor to bring you ſome good Gentlemen Cuſtomers, that ſhall joyn iſſue with us upon the ſame account.

Harry. Your moſt humble Servant, good Sir, I do very well underſtand you. *Verbum ſapienti ſatis eſt.*

Harry aſide]

Theſe curſed Rogues that come here on the ſnap,
And by their Bribes good men they would entrap.
I ſhall grow rich, although I ſmell a rot,
I'le ſham the Shammer, and their *Whigland*-PLOT.

2.

T. C. From *Tantivy Abhorrers* who make it a Trade,
To repreſent all true Proteſtants in Maſquerade,
Though not one of them all, but a true *Tory* blade,
And ſome kin to the Pope, that blind ſtumbling Jade.

Libera Nos, &c.

I. P. Harry, Pray inform me, what it is that the *Whigs* are reading at the next Table, which makes them ſo merry about the mouth, *&c.*

Harry. Sir, I will go and put my Head in among the reſt of the Fraternity (or as you do call them, Brotherhood) and bring you word preſently.

D. A. A ſpecial Rogue, I'le warrant him *Jack*, he is fitting for your buſineſs, if you can but mannage him compleatly, for I ſee he hath already learn'd ſome of our Canting Phraſes, and I do not queſtion but in a ſhort time he will proceed to perfection.

I. P. Let me alone to manage him with a Golden Rippon Spur, I'le prick him and bear him with that effectually.

Har-

Harry. Sir, I have been among the *Whiglanders*, and I put in my *Woodcock* Bill among 'um (an ſhall pleaſe you Sir) and I find upon their Paper Records, it is a *New Loyal* French *Proteſtant Letany*, both for Church and State, lately Tranſlated, Compoſed, and put into Engliſh Meeter, and *Theophilus Chriſtianus* is there, now Clark of the Council.

I. P. By whom *Harry* preethy was it Tranſlated?

Harry. By Mr. *Tho. Tell-Truth* (as one of the black *Jacks* turn'd up with white, did inform me) *Theophilus* his own Brother.

D. A. A ſpecial Trout upon my Life, we ſhall make him a true Son of the Church in a very ſhort time; here you Rogue, here is a Crown piece to buy you a pair of Gloves.

Harry. Voſtre Serviteur tres humble Monſieur le Dogiteur,
Je vous en ſerviray de bren bon ceur.

I. P. I taught this Rogue a little *French* (coming here ſometimes) and you ſee he can ſpeak it *ex tempore*, and alſo in Ryme.

Harry. *Oui Monſieur vous m'aver l'apprins, & un bon Maiſtre toujours faict un bon Serviteur.*

I. P. *Allez vous en il y a un autre cinq Shellings pour vous mon bon garçon.*

3.

T. C. From all that wiſh well to the true Popiſh Plot,
And from all thoſe grand *Tories* who ſay, They will not
Believe it at all, but would have it forgot,
Altho twenty new Ropes hath of late been their lot.
Whigs. Hum, hum, hum. *Libera Nos*, &c.

I. P. Harry: They are at it again, may not we go and ſit by them at the ſame Table?

Harry. Yes, yes, without offence, for they are ſo bold and confident in their way, they fear no colours, and ſome *Tories* have ſometimes ſaid in my hearing, That though they ſpeak not one word of Sence, but

all Treaſon from the bottom to the top, yet they are ſo Diveliſh confident, notwithſtanding that they hope ere long, to ſee *them* all hang'd, upon my Maſters *Amſterdam* Coffee-Houſe Sign-poſt for ſo doing.

D. A. I will aſſure you (*Harry*) thoſe *Tories* whoever they were, ſpake very much to the point in hand, and I hope to hear of a ſecond part to the ſame Tune.

I P. But Mum, good Doctor Mum, *Harry*, come, come,
And bring our Doctor one whole quart of Mum.

Harry, Its good ſometimes to ſtop your mouths with
Leaſt that the *Whigs* ſhould here you over run. (Mum

D. A. Before they ſhould, I'de rather ſplit my Venter,

Harry. But have a care you do not make Indenture
As you go home, the *Whigs* will ſay, Y'are drunk,
And will conclude you have been with a Punk.

D. A. It may be ſo, and what is this pray more
Then what they do? to drink, to reel and Whore.
Only we're publick, in the broad day light,
They do it private in Cabals at Night.

Harry. Gentlemen, yonder comes *Rodomontados Licentius*, *Liberoſus Publicanos* and *Heraclitus Ridens*, and *Ben. Tooke*, and *Nat. Thomſon*, and the Divel and all, I think; what a noiſe do they keep as they come along, ſurely we ſhall have a brave Trade to day? and I do not queſtion but I ſhall get ſome money of them, either by hook or by crook.

I. P. *Oh mon bon Maiſtre*, ha, ha, ha.
Monſieur Obſervator, *vous eſter les tres bren venu*
Quand on Parle de Diable il ſe monſtre ſon cul.

For we were juſt now ſpeaking of you, and you chopt in upon us, almoſt in the ſame critical minute.

R. L. You are a Rogue and ever ſo will be.
But yet your Face of Braſs, I'me glad to ſee.

I. P. Je vous rend grace, I am your ſure Tool;
Call me what you pleaſe, but don't call me Fool.

R. L. Its granted, *Rogue enough*, let't be a Match,
Inſtead of Fool, I'le call thee honeſt Patch.

I. P. By patching and piecing, I'le pay off the *Whigs*,
By canting and ranting I'le hum all their Gigs.
By Swearing and Curſing, I'le teach them to pray,
And ſend them to Heaven, the contrary way.

But my honeſt Maſter (in good ſober ſadneſs) how came you and your company here to day, for to the beſt of my remembrance, I never ſaw you here before, in my life; but I am apt to think ſome body hath conjur'd you and the reſt of you here together, to help us at a dead lift, for the *Whigs* are grown ſo abominable ſaucy and impudent, that they ſpeak Treaſon as faſt as I can ſwallow Cherries at 2 *d. per* pound, and that you ſhall hear preſently, if you will hearken to their Letany, which Mr. *Gill-Juſtice*, at the upper end of that Table (as Clerk of the Council,) is now reading to their Honours.

R. E. A Pox of their Honours, I'le do what I can to ſtop all their Mouths, or elſe I'le put them all in *Bedlam* (one after another) in my next *Obſervations*, but in the firſt place, I muſt tell thee honeſt *Patch*, I think thou art a Witch, for I do proteſt there was ſuch an Hurricane in the Street, that did blow us here all together, as we were marching along to our generall Randevouz at *Sams* Coffe-Houſe, do what we could for our lives.

I. P. It is very well, I will hope our Stars are propitious, and that you were not ſent here for nothing.

R. L. I do hope ſo too, come let us draw near the Treaſonable Table, but whatever you do hear, ſay nothing to them but *Mum*, but what Treaſon you hear them ſpeak, be ſure you cry them up to the Skies, and *Hum* as well as they do, and I'le warrant it, wee'l make a Proteſtant *Whigland*-Plot of it, before we have done.

E. P.

I. P. Oh my brave Master, you speak (shall I say?) like a Captain; no, no, by no means, but you speak like an Emperor, or like *Don John* of *Austria*, as if he were here in his own proper person? and I will tell you something in your Ear: We have secured *Kids* Boy *Harry* (a profound deep Rogue I'le swear) with some of our charming Pouder, to tell us any thing that we shall demand of him, so that I do suppose we may peremptorily conclude the day is our own; and now I will sing you a Ketch.

R. L. Prethee do *Patch*, for I love thy Ketches dearly well.

I. P. Oh Master, you forgot *honest Patch*, but now if you please, leave out *honest*, and put in Master, for a little of that thing called *Honesty*, will go but a very little way with us both; But Mr. *Patch*, Mr. *Tory*, Mr. *Tantivy*, Mr. *Cockscomb*, Mr. *Towzer*, Mr. *Tumbler*, *cum multis aliis*, are such Genteel Titles of Honour, given us by the *Whigs*, that they will go along with us to our Graves, and those I like mighty well, because their Tongues are no slanders.

You have quite put me out of my Ketch, and I will sing you that some other time, in the mean time, let us go and catch them at their Side-board Treasonable Table.

R. L. But I would speak one word with *Harry Premirement*, and will give him one Dose more of our *quantum meruit* and charming pouder, that so if it work well with him, it may do our Jobb effectually.

I. P. Vous avez raison Monsieur Harry *venez ca.*

Harry. *Je vien que vous plaick ils Messieurs.*

R. L. Herry. Let me round you in the Ear: This Gentleman (Mr. *Patch*) hath informed me of mighty great things of you, and here is a *Guiney* for your farther encouragement.

Harry. Worthy Sir, You have so much obliged me,

That

That I will resolve to run through Fire and Water, to serve either you or your good friend, or that glorious Cause, which you are now managing, with so much gallantry, secresy and dexterity, and I am sure you are not a *Rafter*, but one of the main *Pillars*, both of Church and State, for all those noble ends and purposes, before mentioned.

R. L. Mr. *Patch*, upon my Life he's a brave Fellow, I think we have got *Multum in Parvo* over to our side; could any man have spoke more to the purpose, in so small a compass of ground.

I. P. I did manage him before you came, and I told him, you should be civil to him also.

I beat the Bush, come you shall catch the *Hare*,
If *Harry* prove right, you'l make 'um all to stare
Like roasting Piggs, when Eyes are coming out,
Come lets draw nigh; our Plot I do not doubt
But will succeed, according to our mind,
Which if it do, *have at you ever kind*.
And all you *Whigs*, that round about there sit,
Hating good Doctrine, as you hate good Wit.

4.

T. C. From Toping *Tantivies* who wear Ribbons red,
As a Badg of distinction, to shew a green Head, (led,
And call themselves *Tories*; The Forlorn they have
To bring *Madam Scarlet* in time here to Bed.

Libera Nos, &c.

Whigs, *Hum, hum, hum.*

R. L. These are Merry *Whigs* I'le Swear, how many of these Stanza's that run so upon all four, have they dispatcht already? *Harry*, I believe you can tell me.

Harry, Yes Sir, that I can, and a great many things more, which will make their Hearts ake, when I come to make a Discovery, of what I have at present, within this Brain-Pan of mine; but Sir, the last they

read to the Brotherhood, was Number 4. and they will go through with it before they have done, and there (if you have but your remembrances about you) you will hear Treason enough of all conscience to hang them up every Mothers Child of 'um.

I. P. Thou art a brave Boy, *Harry*, thank you for that, what if they should not go through stitch with their Letany, but omit some part of the most material and Treasonable part of it, will you tell us the rest after they are gon?

Harry. Yes, yes, that I will, for Mr. *Tell-Truth* gave it me, and I have it all by Heart, and can say it as perfectly as my *Pater Noster*, and if they should chance to miss, I shall rub up their Memories, and fork their Tobies, or else it shall cost me a fall, and if there be not plain down-right Treason in that Letany, I am as much mistaken as ever I was in my life.

R. L. Well Mr. *Patch*, if this don't do, none of our measures will be taken right, at any time, I am sure.

[*Harry* aside.

Mr. *Gibs*, Hear how they vapor, I laugh in my sleeve.
But let them laugh that wins, I'le make them grieve
Before we have done with these old Shamming *Tories*,
I'le tell them whiskers still for real Stories.

But Mr *Patch*, let us hearken to some more of their Letany, and pray observe your hits.
For since your name is chang'd to Monsieur *Patch*.
I do expect that you observe and catch.

I. P.

I will my good Master, and you shall see to boot,
That at long run, I'le bring the Devil out,
Hark, hark.

5.

T. C. From *Heraclitus Ridens*, that Brazen-Face Tool,
Who writes to get Bread, and makes himself Fool,

Be-

Between *Jeſt* and *Earneſt*, but his courage may cool,
When the *Commons* and *Ketch* ſhall give him a ſtool.
Whigs, hum, hum, hum. *Libera Nos*, &c.

I. P. Maſter, ſhall not *Heracitus* anſwer theſe Rogues now, for this too nearly concerns him, and I perceive he is moſt deſperately netled at them, for putting this ſlur upon him, now he is here in his own proper perſon.

R. L. You know our conſultation together was, That whatever we heard them ſay, We were to anſwer nothing but Mum, and therefore neither of us muſt Retort, whatever we do hear, as to our own particulars, but afterwards we may all witneſs againſt them what we pleaſe.

Nat. Ridens, Ben. I. P. and ſo we will, as ſure as Eggs be Eggs.

6.

T. C. From that *Obſervator* who would us now rob,
Of all our five Sences, to do the Pope's Jobb,
Who its fear'd at the laſt will prove but a dull Hobb.
When the Pope and his Party ſhall give him the bobb.
Libera Nos, &c.

R. L. mum, mum, mum.
Whiggs, hum, hum, hum,

7.

T. C. From Brazen-Fac't *Nat.* that *Billingſgate* ſlave,
Who writes for the Pope, that right Scarlet Knave,
VVho bids *Nat.* ſtill write Loyal, us all to out-brave,
On purpoſe in time, here us all to enſlave.
N. T. mum, mum, mum. *Libera Nos*, &c.
Whigs, hum, hum, hum.

Harry. There's a double one againſt *Nat* pray do not skip, Mr. *Chriſtianus*, if you do, I will tell the truth.

8.

T. C. From Proteſtant *Nat*, that true *Romiſh* Elf,
VVho tacks towards *Tiber* on purpoſe for Pelf,

But let him beware of the old *Roman* ſhelf,
And that after he's drown'd he don't hang himſelf.
N. T. Mum, Mum. *Libera Nos*, &c.
Whigs, *Hum*, *Hum*, *Hum*.

9.

T. C. From *I. P.* That Gooſe-cap and Fop of a Man.
And all of that Tribe, from *Berſheba* to *Dan*,
VVho runs up and down like a Bell-VVeather *Ram*,
To blind the *Popes* PLOT, by a Proteſtant Sham.
I. P. Mum, *Mum*, *Mum*. *Libera Nos*, &c.

10.

T. C. From *Ben. Tooks* new Veſſel and Cargo of Lice,
And from his late Venture to *Whigland* for Rice,
VVhich new ſpot of Land is full of rare Mice,
And it is in *Utopia* all covered with Ice.
Libera Nos, &c.

B. T. Mum, *Mum*, *Mum*.

R. L. A Pax of theſe *Whigs*, this wont do our buſineſs, I do not hear one word like unto Treaſon as yet, in this new Loyal Proteſtant Letany.

If *Harry* ſham us, we ſhall be ſham'd for ever.

I. P. Don't queſtion that, now is the time or never

Harry. You ſee they begin but moderately; but you ſhall hear by and by what whisking High Treaſon, they have about the latter end of their Letany.

R. L. Come, come, Let them go on and proſper,
Hark, *hark*, *hark*, Boys *hark*.

11.

T. C. From the Libelling Tribe of *Towzers* in grain,
Who ſprang from St. *Omers*, a very fine ſtrain,
To be here Nurs'd up, *Loyal Fanns* to defame,
And damn all Diſſenters on purpoſe for gain.
Whigs, Hum, Hum, Hum. *Libera Nos*, &c.

12.

T. C. From all thoſe grand *Tories* who would us now bring,
From a Proteſtant Prince, to a true Popiſh King,
Which

VVhich if once here effected, the Bells they muſt ring,
And the Poor *Fanns* at *Tyburn* fetch many a ſwing.
Libera Nos, &c.

13. (*France.*

From *French* Whores in *England*, and Jeſuits from
From a *Popiſh Succeſſor*, who would lead us a Dance,
From *Tiber* to *Tyburn*, where we muſt advance,
And take our laſt farwel in *Ned Colemans* chance.
Libera Nos, &c.

14.

From all ſuch Sham-Plotters, who now run about,
From Tavern to Tavern, and make ſuch a rout,
To trepan honeſt Men, and root them all out,
Their Villanies ſure will at length be found out.
Libera Nos, &c.

15.

From ſuch Divels incarnate, who would us now ſham,
By a new *Counter Plot*, the true old one to Damn, (ſlam,
Where there's thouſands engaged, a fine pleaſant
A whole *Colledg* of *Foyners*, although hardly one man.
Libera Nos, &c.

16.

From the *Bell* and the *Dragon*, who ſtill do ſo rage,
With ſuch Fury and Madneſs, in almoſt every Page,
Of *R. L. H.* and *T.* th'grand *Hobbs* of this Age,
Sent Poſt from *Belzebub* to act on his Stage.
Whigs, Hum, Hum, Hum, *Libera Nos*, &c.

17.

From thoſe Bullies in *Newgate*, who now do ſo rant,
And gave thanks in Print, for a New *Colledge* Plant,
Who ſpake Words like Treaſon, as ſome *Tories* grant,
VVhen they were hooping and hollowing at an *Iriſh*
Courant. *Libera Nos*, &c.

18.

From ſuch *Iriſh Cattle*, who cannot fare well,
And be Treated by Friends, but muſt preſently tell,

Such words to requite them, as will ring out their Knell,
Only Treason and Murder as a Pasport to Hell.

Libera Nos, &c.

D. A. In troth Mr. *Observator*, this Letany tends nothing to Edification, this Rogue *Harry* I am afraid hath shamm'd us, for I have caught him napping (I think, as *Moss* caught his Mare) for you may remember he told us of a Loyal Protestant *Letany*, both for Church and State, and we hear nothing as yet of the Church, which is *Hysteron proteron* (*secundum Græcum*) or as we say in *English*, The Cart before the Horse, unless the Church Letany be yet behind.

Har. Why Gentlemen, let me tell you, it is very usual with these *Whiglanders* so to do, for if they should proceed according to your expectation, you would then think they were regular Sons of the Church of *England*, but as to that, I leave it to your more grave and prudent Considerations, whether it be true or false, but the Church Letany is just now coming, within two or three Stanza's, and the great *Hogan Mogan* Treason comes after that.

D. A. Well *Harry*, thou art a brave fellow, if thy words prove true, come, we will have yet patience to hear the remainder.

Harry. Why *Gentlemen*, If the worst come to the worst (that is to say) if they should break off abruptly, when they have done with the Church (before they come to the Treason) I have it all by Heart, and also the Key to it, to unlock every Syllable, as Mr. *Tel-Truth* hath Explained it to me, and you shall as surely have it from me, as this Cap is now upon my Head (which I do wear at present for a Cold which I caught setting up too late with them, at their private *Cabals*) but I had rather you should hear the Treason *Viva Voce*,

ce, which I presume would be much more to your full content and satisfaction, for the making out of the Protestant PLOT, which you have already posted all over the Nation, and should you now fail thereof, I should be heartily sorry for you (and your Reputations sake) I will assure you.

D. A. Upon my honest word, he speaks like a Conjurer, I will give him one Guinny more, for his future encouragement, take it here.

Harry. I most humbly thank you Sir.

19.

From a Learned grand Councel of five hundred Men,
With brave Nobles and Peers of a true Loyal Stem,
To be fetcht up to School and sent home agen,
On the eighth morning after, when the Clock had struck ten. *Libera Nos*, &c.

20.

D. A. I can have no patience, but sit upon Thorns, till the Church Letany comes on, and then the High-Treason after that, and then we will sing,

The Delights of the Bottle, and the Charms of good Wine, *&c.*

Harry. Good Sir, It is now within a Stanza or two, and then after that, Oh then we will sing, God bless our King, *And hey then up go we.*

When *Fanns* and all the Kingdoms Foes,
Shall truckle to our Swearing Blows.
Upon the Tripple-Tree.

Tory Stranger aside.

Hark hither, Sirrah, here is another Guinny to buy you half a dozen of Cravats, but I would not have you buy them of that *Exchange* man, that comes here sometimes.

Harry. I most humbly thank you Noble Sir, I understand you, and shall observe your Directions to an hairs breadth.

T. C.

21.

T. C. From a *Dons* ſolemn Oath, if he Swears he will
All things to rights, when he coms to be King, (bring,
Altho his hopes are but ſmall, as to any ſuch thing,
In regard the old POPE, he will *here* then let in.

Libera Nos, &c.

R. L. But, *Harry*, can you tell me with your Key, what they do mean by the Great *Dons* Oath?

Harry. I had thought Mr. *Obſervator* you would not have asked me ſuch an eaſy queſtion, which is ſo obvious to every Mans underſtanding, at the very firſt pronunciation: do not you know that *Seigneor Don Alonzo de Tolledo* is the moſt Catholick *Spaniſh* Prince on the South ſide of the Water, upon whom the Pope hath conferred this ſmall Northern ſpot of Heretick Ground (as being formerly part of St. *Peters* Patrimony) ſo ſoon as he can get Poſſeſſion thereof by any means whatſoever?

D. A. I think Mr. *Obſervator*, the Lad hath given you a fair account of your particular queſtion, but whereas you did peradventure expect another Explication, I would not have you to be too cenſorious againſt the *Whigs*, but take their expreſſions in the plain Litteral and Gramatical conſtruction.

R. L. Doctor, I thank you, and I muſt ingeniouſly confeſs, I have been too much Guilty of thoſe abſurdities, which I am ſure hath gained me more Enemies than ever I ſhall get Friends as long as I live; but I perceive you ſet upon Thorns, I do think you may now liſten, for they are come to the Church Letany of *Libera Nos*, &c.

D. A. I am glad of that with all my Heart.

22.

T. C. From a dull Preaching *Hocus*, who dotes on a Form,
And a ſcandalous Vicar, who thinks it no ſcorn

To

To tope all the Week, and the next *Sunday* Morn;
To rail at Diſſenters to keep himſelf warm.
Whigs, Hum, Hum, Hum. *Libera Nos*, &c.
D. A. Mum, Mum, Mum.

23.

T. C. From all the *Tantiveys* in Pulpit and Preſs,
Who ſtill do ſo Rant (have at you by gueſs)
Againſt all Diſſenters, them for to diſtreſs,
For which Love and Kindneſs, ſome in time may them bleſs. *Libera Nos*, &c.

24.

From all thoſe Grandees, who would lead us a Dance,
Both in Church and in State, like the Monſieur of *France*,
(Though ere long ſuch bold Traitors, their Necks may perchance,
The Soveraign Tree learn how to advance.)
Libera Nos, &c.

25.

From Dogmatical Preachers, who are grown ſo ſub-(lime,
As to make Monarks abſolute, and a point ſo Divine,
So that nothing muſt down with them but the right Line.
VVhich ſome of them Love as well as VVomen and VVine. *Libera Nos*, &c.

26.

From all thoſe young Clergy, who grate on that Bone
(Inſtructed by *Towzer*) call'd *Forty and One*,
VVho juſt like the *Cuckow* Sings all in one Tone,
And ſucks up thoſe Eggs, which are none of her own.
Libera Nos, &c.

27.

From ſuch lubberly Drones, who would make us believe,
VVe muſt pin all our Faith on the Church of *Romes* ſleeve, The

The which moſt rare PLOT, if once they atchieve,
Our Lives with new Ropes they'l ſurely reprieve.
Libera Nos, &c.

28.

From the *Arian* Doctors, who damn'd th' *Nicene* Creed,
Who made the true Chriſtian ſo often to bleed,
VVhich *Sanguis Martyrum* was right Catholick Seed,
And with *Idem per Idem* ſome ſtill would us feed.
Libera Nos, &c.

29.

From all that pretend to an abſolute Fate,
Before we were Born, both of Love and of Hate,
(The Sermons they Preach, it is nothing but prate,
For if fixed ſo firm, what need their Debate?)
Libera Nos, &c.

30.

From ſuch *Deſtiny-Mongers*, who have been ſo bold,
In Faith and in Vertue, to make Men ſo cold,
VVhen the laſt Trump ſhall ſound, both for Young and for Old.
For this their preſumption they may be cajol'd.
Libera Nos, &c.

31.

T. C. From a conjuring Clergy, of the right *Roman* ſtamp,
Whom our Bodies and Souls would here willingly cramp,
And all our Religion would likewiſe new vamp,
And afterwards lead us by a dull glimmering Lamp.
Libera Nos, &c.

D. A. Harry, I think they will make *Pauls* work of their Church *Lettany*, for I am quite weary and ſo is Mr. *Obſervator*, and ſo we are all.

Harry, Peace a little, and you will catch ſome Fiſh preſently, the Treaſon comes within two Stanzas more, and ſo *Hey then up go we*.

32.

32.

T. C. From all that pretend to ſuch a Light from within,
As to give out to the World they are without Sin,
And ſlily catch many with this pretty Gin,
Though they oftentimes are on a merry Pin.
Tories, Huzza. *Libera Nos*, &c.

33.

Now to all that wiſh well to our thrice NobleState,
By King, Lords and Commons 'gainſt which ſome do ſo prate,
Let the firſt have thy Love, let the laſt have thy hate,
And let our King by his Power them all diſſipate;
And when they Rebel, let this be their Fate,
That *Ketch* near High-*Holborn*, may give them check mate.

We beſeech thee to hear us, &c.
Whigs, Hum, Hum, Hum, *Amen, Amen, Amen.*

Whigs. Mr. *Theophilus Chriſtianus*, We return you many thanks for this kindneſs, wherewith we are all very well pleaſed, but how the *Tories*, the *Tantivies*, and the *Papiſts* will approve of it, we cannot foreſtand.

T. C. Come *Harry*, take money of us all, for it is near *Exchange* time.

Harry, Pray Gentlemen and my Maſters don't tell me of paying, but go on with your Letany, for the beſt is yet behind, and which will tend moſt to Edification, not only to your ſelves, but alſo to theſe Gentlemen (my noble Benefactors) whom I did invite to this Table to hear the whole, and you have omitted the moſt material part in the ſaid Letany.

T. C. What art thou diſtracted *Harry*, or elſe art thou drunk this morning before *Exchange* time?

Harry, Neither the one nor the other, but I will aſſure you I am in very good earneſt, but pray Sir, let me whiſper you one word in the Ear, I muſt ſay ſo.

and I will tell you the reaſon of it by and by.

Whigs, Come to pay, to pay, *Allons tous enſemble.*

Exeunt *Whigs*.

Harry. This was a moſt diveliſh thing that they did break off ſo abruptly, but however you remember, Genlemen, your promiſe, and I will aſſure you i'le be as big as my word, for I ſcorn to put a ſlur upon you, who have been ſo over-kind to me.

D. A. Harry, I was poſſeſſed with a kind of panick fear that they would ſerve us ſo, for it had been much better to have heard that High Treaſon *viva voce*, than from you at the ſecond hand.

R. L. But come *Harry*, let's hear (brave Boy) the remainder, and we muſt make the beſt of a bad Market, and if you can Swear to what you tell us, That it was their Act and Deed, and all did conſent to it (when it was formerly in Reading) with their loud Acclamations, as they have done to day; we ſhall do their buſineſs for them notwithſtanding.

Harry. Yes, I ſhall endeavour to do that, and bring you in likewiſe two ſubſtantial Witneſſes more, for the corroborating my ſingle Teſtimony.

I. P. Here you Rogue, take this ſweet Angel to put in your Pocket to remember your good Friend.

Mr. *Gibs*. *Harry*, Your Maſter knocks above, don't you hear how he Thunders? he has knockt thrice already.

Harry. *Gentlemen*, My Maſter is taken extreamly ill, even almoſt at the point of Death, and he hath ſent me with all the ſpeed imaginable for his Doctor, who lives at the other end of the Town; but *Gentlemen*, I will (the very firſt oportunity) come to *Sams* Coffee-Houſe (I hope within a night or two) and give you a full Relation of every particular, and many more things, which will be worth all your Obſervations.

Ma-

Mr. *Gibs*. *Harry*, Your Maſter calls again, to ſee if you are gon.

Harry: I go, I go: *Gentlemen, Adieu juſques au revoir.*

D. A. Mr. *Gibs*: Take money here; I am afraid this Rogue *Harry* will ſham us all at the laſt.

I. P. Mum, Mum, Mum for that Doctor *Allens*.

Exeunt Tories *Omnes*.

Enter *Harry, ſtatim.*

And are they gon? Oh may they never more
Return again, upon my Maſters Shore,
VVhere Loyalty and Truth doth ſteer our Tribes:
Not curſed Oaths, or any *Roman* Bribes.
To bring us over to that curſed Evil,
Of running headlong to (old Nick) the Divel.
VVhen firſt they came, I ſtraightway ſmelt a rot,
And did as ſoon reſolve a Counter-Plot.
Againſt theſe bold Impoſters, from their Helliſh Sire,
Who doth them all with Shams and Lyes inſpire:
(Againſt all thoſe who would pluck down his Throne)
And Sham us ſtill with number *Forty one.*
'Tis true, their Money I have lately got,
VVhich was to Swear a real *Whigland*-PLOT
As they did hope; But ſtay, I never meant
To wrong my Conſcience, or a Parliament:
As they have done, and will do ſtill the ſame,
Becauſe they hope to have an after-Game.
VVhen once they prove by that true *Romiſh* Elf,
That Juſtice *Godfrey* truly kill'd himſelf.
Now for thoſe Guinees which they did advance,
They'l ſerve us (*Gibs*) to drink a Health to *Prance*;
To Doctor *Oates*, to *Wilkinſon* and thoſe,
VVho are the *Roman Tory-Rory* Foes. (Pranks,

Mr. *Gibs*. Brisk bonny Lads, for theſe your pretty
I hope the *Whigs* will give you hearty thanks,

'Twas Nobly done, and *fallere non eſt fraus*,
To a Deceiver when he comes with croſs,
On this ſide and with Pile on the other,
On purpoſe to inſnare his honeſt Brother:
And cheat him of his Liberty and Life,
And put the Nation into ſuch a ſtrife.
To clear the ſtains of theſe accurſed Elves,
VVhich in due time they may be hang'd themſelves.
Give them but Hemp enough, they have begun
To twiſt a Cord, the which their riſing Sun
Shall nere untwiſt, chear up (my Heart) I know
This Sham of yours will make the *Whigs* to crow.
And all the *Tories* to hang down their Heads,
And make the *Papiſts* run unto their Beads:
And offer Incenſe to the Virgin *Mary*,
And beg of her for to chaſtiſe bold *Harry*;
VVho hath ſo rudely countermin'd all thoſe
VVho were her Children and her Sons great Foes.

Dialogus Tertius, *ſerious and tragical.*

In II. Parts. *Pars I.*

Hocus Catholicus Romanus.

When ſturdy Storms are gone and paſt,
Shall pleaſant Calms appear,
And though we have been toſt, at laſt
We ſee the Heav'ns are clear,
The Winds blow fair, the Sky's ſerene above,
And, Lo, that Spot, which we ſo dearly love,
Chear up, dear Heart, the Stars are bright and clear,
Lift up your head, for yonders *Dover* Peer.

Pocus Catholicus Romanus.

Te Deum Laudamus. But a Pax of his Holineſs, notwithſtanding, for his *Servus Servorum* Shams, in ſingling out among the reſt of our Conjuring Tribe, to leave our ſtately Cells, where we did fair ſo deliciouſly

ouſly every day in the Week (except good Fryday) and to be expoſed now to ſo much hazard (all winds and weathers) and had we been caught napping, we ſhould as ſure have been gelded, as the old Pope's dog was, when he run at Sheep: And beſides, you may remember.

Oh, the little Houſe that ſtands under the Hill,
Where was Wine and Tobacco, with Women at will,
Which we did forſake like Bees from their Hives,
But they muſt needs go, when the old Devil Drives.

Hocus. Upon my Word, *Pocus*, You ſpeak very affectionately, and warmly, as to our late expedition; but you muſt remember, It was upon the Account *Currant*, *viz.* For the good of the Catholick Church: and this ſweet Cordial muſt qualify the Aſperity of a Thouſand bitter Potions, and ſince our Stars have been ſo propitious as to bring us ſafe into this Harbor. Let us now offer up large Tapers of Thankſgiving unto the Bleſſed Virgin, for commanding her Son to ſend his Angels to deliver us out of thoſe tempeſtuous Storms, wherewith our Veſſel was even now environed.

Pocus. You ſpeak ſomething of Reaſon, I muſt confeſs, therefore light the Tapers, and let's have 2 or 3 *Ave Mary*'s, and 2 or 3 *Pater Noſter*'s: and then lets read-over our Commiſſion again, according to our Primary Inſtructions from our Holy Father and his Colledge of Phyſicians.

Hocus. I wiſh we have not loſt our late Commiſſion in that cold Country where we were like to be frozen to death, and not an honeſt Whore to be had in the whole Country to make uſe of in the time of our Extremity.

Pocus. Here's the Commiſſion, pray harken to your Inſtructions.
And if therein, we have but good Succeſs,
Oh Heavens, how St. *Peter* will both us bleſs. *To*

To Hocus Catholicus Romanos *and his Brother* Pocus, *at* Jesus *Colledg, these with Care and Speed, d.d.*: *Servus Servorum*, &c.

Right trusty Friends, and Subjects of our Hope,
(not to the Prince of Darkness, but the POPE)
We do command you in St. *Peter*'s Name,
VVhose true Successors, we our selves proclaim,
By right Divine (and not by false pretence,
As *Whigs* give-out, only for Peter-pence)
Next under Christ, for to support and keep,
His tender Lambs, and little flock of sheep,
Which is his Church, whom we do represent,
(*Et vi & Armis*, in full Parliament)
When as we sit upon our Chair of State.
Where neither Rival nor yet bold Checkmate,
We will admit, for to draw near or come
VVithin our bounds, until the day of Doom,
Upon which day, we must surrender all,
Both Bag and Baggage and our Capitol.
Now we command you: straitway hence to go
And ship your selves unto our *Sweedish* Foe.
VVhen *Martin Luther* did our Church affright,
To make our Lambs to him turn Proselite,
By Arguments drawn from his furious Pen:
Just like a Frantick shut up in his Den,
VVhere you come there be sure you make no Bones,
Of any thing (but only of your Stones)
Pray have a Care whereby you may advance
Our Church, our Empire and Intreague with *France*.
And while you're there, their idle *Consubstance*
Do what you can to turn the Tide to *Trans*;
This having done, we do command you more,
From thence you Sail unto great *Britain*'s shore,
VVhen once ariv'd within Our Port of *Dover*,
Read once again your new Commission over,
Observe it well, therein are weighty Points,
Enough to fix and settle all our Joynts, Which

VVhich have been straind, 'ere since that curſed time
Bold *Harry*'s Cod-piece did our Church decline.
From thence straightway advance into that Town
VVhich bids defiance to our Triple Crown:
Dam her, and sink her, by what means you can,
Murders, Massacres, Fires, and that Man
VVho is her head, and bids us bold Defiance,
And upon whom we can have no Reliance:
Be sure you strike him to his very Life,
This will put all things out of Doubt and Strife.
The Towns our own, if he were once but dead,
VVee'd bring ourselves there straitway into Bed.
If this you do, Return unto your home,
You shall be Pillars in our Church of ROME.
Or, if you will, you shall have *Coleman*'s Fate,
Saints after Death, now Pillars in our State,
This we do Promise. In our own great Name,
If not perform'd, ne'r take our Words again.
Witness our self, and all Saint *Peter*'s Fry
(Upon the day of his Nativity.)
Now standing by us, near our Royal Throne,
We like their Heads, But love to reign alone.
And signed be our chiefest Scribe of State,
Our Ink-horn-Lord, who is our constant Mate

Signed, Seignior, Don *John Alonzo Furioſo, de Lucifero*, principal Secretary of State to his infallible Highness, and true Successor of S. *Peter*, and supream head of Christ's holy Catholick Church, over all Kings, Princes and Potentates whatsoever, until the general Resurrection.

Pocus. Come, let's not miss one hair's bredth of our large Instructions, but however, I had rather be a Pillar in the Church of *Rome*, *durante vita*, than to be a Canonizd Saint in the Church of *Rome*, *post mortem*, for taking a running Jump from *Tiber* to *Tiburn* for the good of the Good Old Cause.

Porus.

Hocus. I believe you without ſwearing; for to tell you the Truth, by ?---- I am of the ſame Judgment to a Cows thumb: and though, here and there, one hot ſpirited Zealot, for the Catholick Cauſe, may be ſo far tranſported as to venture his Neck: yet you know how our Superiours, at home, do put them in their *Ignoramus* Calender, for a Company of Gooſe-caps, Cocks-combs and Jack-puddings upon that accompt.

Pocus. They do ſo, and you may remember before we came away how many they had lately of Saint *Coleman*'s Diſciples put in there upon the Accomt aforeſaid: And how did they almoſt ſplit themſelves with laughing when they read their Confeſſions, *That* THEY all dyed Innocent: and, That it was like in a ſhort time to paſs for currant, That Sir *Edmund-bury Godfrey* was *Felo de ſe*, when they themſelves in a Conſultation in our own Colledge, had laid a Platform, although in ſome things as to the whole of their Deſign it proves unſucceſsful.

Hocus. Had not ſome of our St. *Omers* Beagles (and deep-mouth'd Hounds) run upon a falſe ſcent, and, in ſtead of purſuing the wild Bores, had not fallen upon and worried the innocent ſheep, we had done our Buſineſs, eſpecially before this time; but, *hinc illæ Lachrimæ*, and we muſt be contented to make the beſt of a bad Market. But yet *tempora mutantur*, &c. and we may yet make an after-game of it, if we can but play our Cards cloſely.

Pocus. Come *Albion* daies, The Cocks will bravely (crow,
And like bold *Ridens*, Gape, A Raree ſhow:
In thoſe brave times, the Birds will ſweetly ſing,
And we may hope to have a glorious Spring:
The Seed is ſown: The Corn begins to mount;
Come wee'l attempt. To be Lords Paramount.

Jocus. I'le do my beſt to ſerve the Church and Pope,
But Il'e beware of *Coleman*'s twiſted Rope.

Pocus.

Pocus. To ſerve *Don Seignior*, I'le do what I can,
But I'le beware of *Harris*'s Trepan;
Come lets be Wiſe, and ſometimes be Merry,
Not always Plotting, ſometimes let's drink Sherry,
For to revive Us, when we are in Dumps,
Leaſt that the WHIGS ſhould turn up ſtill for Trumps
And not Our *Church*, which they proclame is Evil;
But if we can, we'l Poſt 'um to the Devil.

Hocus. Sometimes lets uſe that Modeſt Recreation,
Like Our Superiours in their long Vacation;
VVhen Dead FLESH is forbid, they take in Store,
Of Living LAMBS, which they do Love like ORE,
You may remember under Our great Hill,
In Faſting Times; They had ſuch Lambs at VVill,
And told thoſe ſtill, which ſometimes brought them
That at ſuch things St. *Peter* he would Wink; (Chink
And when Confeſſion of thoſe Sins were made,
They might begin a new Score, on that Trade;
This they do tell Us is no Mortal Sin,
Therefore ſometimes, lets Play at in and in.

Pocus. With all my Heart, true Trout, I'le follow Thee,
But lets bewar ſtill of the Gallow-Tree.

Hocus. Ne'r queſtion that, we won't proceed ſo far,
Though we are now, St. *Peters* Men of War;
Yet being now beyond his Reach, we may,
Do ſometimes like him, who once ran aſtray:
And rather than be Martyrs for Our Church,
Wee'l leave both POPE and *Peter* in the lurch.

Pocus. Come now after we have taken a Nap or two, lets take Poſt for *London*, with all Our Letters Credential to thoſe Gentlemen at the *Wild-houſe*, which have been there ſo long upon the Accompt Courant.

And I have one Letter in particular to *Heraclitus Ridens*, to Draw the PO ES Picture in ſmall, for one of Our Superiours (you know who I mean) That

Senior Sophister in Our Colledge, who doth intend to preſent it to his Holineſs, for his next New-Years-Gift, in hopes of a Fools Cap, now there are ſo many Vacancies.

Hocus. I know he can do it to the Life, for before I went to *Rome*, he was eſteemed the beſt Limner in *England*, upon that accompt, and his name, as I remember was Mr.——— but Mum for that.

Pocus. Come Brother *Hocus*, *ſurge*, *ſurge*, *Diluculo ſurgere Saluberrimum eſt.* Our Horſes are juſt ready, and we ſhall reach *London* in good time. Come *Drawer*, and *Chamberlain* bring us a Bill.

Drawer. Here is a Bill Sirs, in the whole 21 *s.* 6 *d.* Beſides the Oat-ſtealers Bill, for the Hire of Your Horſes, he will give you an Account of it.

Hocus. There is a Guiny for You, and 12 *d.* in Silver over, and ſo Fare you well.

Drawer. Gentlemen, you are Heartily Welcome.

Pocus. Here *Oatſtealer*, here is Money for Your Horſes, and 12 *d.* more, for your Care and Pains.

O— I thank you Heartily Gentlemen and wiſh you well to *London*, but Pray have a care how you paſs over *Gads-hill*, and if you paſs that and *Shooters-hill*, you need not fear Robbing till you come at *Tyburn*, and there *Ketch* may Rob you of your huffing Periwigs for calling me *Oatſtealler*, for I never was called ſo before in my Life.

Pocus. Prithee Honeſt Fellow be not Angry, for I had that Appellation from the *Drawer*.

O— I thank you for that Sir. And I am reſolved to bumbaſt him as ſoon as you are gone, but however i'le give you a Couple of Verſes which comes into my Remembrance ſeeing your new Periwigs:

For Perewigs, Glaſs Coaches, looſe Gowns and a Whore,
This Age is moſt Famous, to thoſe gone before.

Hocus. This is an Arch Rogue, i'le Warrant him, but Bro-

Brother *Pocus*, I wish that this VVord *Tiburn*, and this VVord *Whore*, be not Ominous Expressions to one or both of Us.

Pocus. Amen, says the Clerk,
But he that doth Mind such mad Tittle Tattle,
Deserves in my Mind to have a fine Rattle;
For such things as these are nothing but Fables,
Only fitting at Supper, for old VVomens Tables.

Hocus. I have now a prospect of *London*, from this *Bowling-Green*, where I have Play'd many a Game at Rubbers, with several Friends, whom we are now going to Lodge withall at the *Wild-house*.

Pocus. But it will be very late before we shall reach *London* and have Supped, and then how shall we pass through the Watches at *London-Bridge*, *Ludgate*, and *Temple-Bar*.

Hocus. VVe shall do well enough for that, leave it to my single discretion, though in other more Important affairs, we will lay Our Heads together for consultation.

Pecus. VVe are just come to the Bridge. Pray Remember your single Management.

Watchman. Stand, who comes there, Stand, I say, or else i'le run my Halbert in the Bowels of You.

Pocus. VVhy what's the matter a Man must be Commanded to stand so all of a sudden, when he is going home to his Lodging?

Watch. Come before the Constable, it is very late, and the Times are very Dangerous, and my Master will hardly let you pass, unless you give a very good accompt where you have been, there are so many Priests and Jesuites come into *England*, & come skulking into our City in the Night time, that my Lord *Mayor* hath given the Constables of this Gate a particular Charge to be very careful, that none pass without particular Examination and Satisfaction to Mr. Constable.

Hocus. Watchmen, hark hither, one word in Your Ear, here is 12 *d.* for you to Drink; Is your Maſter (who is on his VVatch to Night) a *Whig* or a *Tory*.

Watch. Pray Sir do not ſay any thing that I told you, but he is a very honeſt Man, and a reputed *VVhig*.

Beadle. VVatchmen, Why do you keep thoſe perſons ſo long in a Chat? VVhy don't you bring them before the Conſtable?

Conſtable. Gentlemen, whence came you, and where have you been out ſo late theſe troubleſome Times, wherein we cannot reſt in our Beds without ſome Alarum, or other every Night, by the Curſed Papiſts, and that (which is worſt of all) ſince their late horrid and damnable Plot, of blowing up our moſt gratious King, and his Loyal Parliaments, was ſo Fully (by Dr. *Otes*, *Coleman's* Letters, and other corroberating Circumſtances) and ſo Wonderfully diſcovered.

Hocus. Mr. *Conſtable*, You ſpeak like a Loyal Subject and good Citizen, I wiſh all the *Conſtables*, *Captains*, and *Citizens* of *London*, had the ſame Sentiments, for I do perſwade my Self if thoſe Curſed Jeſuites who flock dayly from *Rome*, and other parts from beyond Seas, be not cloſely and narrowly Traced and Obſerved, they will make an After-Game of their former *Plots*, and bring us all here in a ſhort time to Utter Ruin and Confuſion; but Mr. *Conſtable* to give You an Anſwer to your Queſtion (though I muſt confeſs it is ſomething too late for Men to paſs ſuch a VVorthy and Diligent Conſtables-VVatch as you have clearly Demonſtrated) we have been to take Our leaves of ſome Friends here in the Borough (which are all of your *Stamp*) and are for the Country to Morrow Morning; VVe were loth to part, being pleaſantly Merry, and we did (I muſt confeſs) Drink many Healths to the Kings moſt Excellent Majeſty (whom God long Preſerve) and to the proſperity of the

the *English Nation*, and to an happy Union between his Majesty, and his next Parliament.

Const. Gentlemen such as you may pass my Watch at any Time, being in the same good order you are in, VVatchmen open the Gates for them, and take your *Lanthorn* one of You, and light them over the Bridge, or Home to their Lodgings, if they please, and so Gentlemen Your humble Servant a good night to you.

Ho. Mr. *Const.* we give you our hearty Thanks for this Civility. Pray Heavens prosper you, and the Loyal City of *London*, with all the true Protestant Citizens.

Po. Here Watchman there is 6 *d.* for your Pains, for we are just at Our Lodging, good Night. I perceive *Hocus* your Wits don't run a Wooll-gathering, I must leave *Ludgate* and *Temple-bar* to you likewise.

Ho. No, you shall do that, 'tis good to Exercise your *ex tempore* Faculties sometimes.

Po. Well I will try then for once, and see what I can do, if a Man should be put to his Shifts.

Century. Stand, who comes there, Stand; If you do not stand the third Time (for I have bid You stand twice already) you must expect a Brace of Bullets in your Bowels.

Ho. VVe do stand, call your *Corporal.* VVhat is this the *Royal Exchange? Pocus* look to your Hits, for we shall have a hard Task of it I am afraid, who expected a Guard of Souldiers at this time of Night?

Corporal. VVhence came you? Musqueteers Gentlemen advance, and make all ready.

Po. Are you the *Captain of the Guard* for this Night, and in this place?

Corp. No Sir, but his *Deputy* to examine you, (and better than) you at this time of the Night, & that you shall know before we part good Mr. Huffington.

Pe. I say, I will go before your *Captain*, for we have some Business of very great Consequence to Impart unto him.

Cor-

Cor. Musqueteers open to the right and left, and conduct these 2 huffing Gallants to our Main-Guard where our Captain is now drinking his Bottles of Wine with his House-keepers, who came out the last Night to attend him in there own proper Persons, and when they come out, he is as Noble as a Prince, although the *Whigs* do so bespatter him.

Hocus. That word Brother *Pocus* (*Whigs*) was worth 10 *s*. to you, if you have your VVits about you to make use of it.

Po. I understand him, let me alone with the *Captain*.

Captain. Gentlemen Souldiers stand to your Arms, who comes there? Stand.

Officers. They are Files of Musqueteers come in from the Corporal, with 2 Gentlemen in the midst of them.

Capt. Gentlemen whence came you, and why so late out these troublesome Times, as if you were going up and down the Streets to set Our City on Fire, as the Papists did *Anno* 1666.

Pocus. Most Noble Captain, I will tell you in short; we have been out late (we must Confess) and we have been also briskly Merry, but it was upon so good and commendable an accompt, that I do perswade my Self, had you been there, you would have joyned Issue with Us, withall your Heart.

Captain. Upon what Accompt was that I Pray? and do not you put any Sham-Tricks upon me, for if you should, I will assure you, I'le lay you fast enough, and have you before the Civil Magistrate to Morrow Morning.

Pocus. Sir, Upon his Majesties return from *Newmarket*, accompanied with his Royal Highness, this Night, we went with several of Our Friends, unto the TAVERN, to Drink both their HEALTHS, with Prosperity to all the Honest TORIES, and TANTIVYS, to honest NAT. HERACLITUS, and the

the OBSERVATOR, who doth ſo MALL the WHIGS and DISSENTERS in their Weekly and quotidian Exerciſes, and this we did with ſuch loud Acclamations and HUZZA'S, that we daunted all the WHIGS in the ſaid TAVERN, and made them run ſneaking away, like ſo many Dogs that had burnt their Tails, and after that, only TORIES came into the Houſe, and were extreamly well pleaſed with Our Pleaſant Mirth and Jollity.

Captain. And ſo ſhould I have been alſo, had I been ſo happy as to have been in the Company. Come Souldiers, open to the Right and Left, and let the Gentlemen paſs Home quietly, and had I known where they had been out ſo late in my Grand-Rounds, I would have marched to have given them one Broad-ſide for their Loyalty to their Prince, and their Reſpects to the Right Line, as it is by Law Eſtabliſhed.

Hocus. Good Night moſt Noble Captain, and to the reſt of your Gentlemen Soldiers.

Capt. We may bid you good Morrow for the Day begins to break, but being ſo pleaſantly Merry, you did not know how the time paſſed away.

Po. Well Brother did not I come off indifferent well?

Hocus. But had you been out, or made the leaſt halt, I was ready with a pnre Fancy in my Head, to help a Lame Dog over the Stile.

Po. Very well, now for the *Wild-houſe*, without any more let or moleſtation, for it is now broad day light.

Hocus. But let us call at the *Wonder* as we go along, and there perhaps we may light upon ſome Wonderful VVine, or ſome VVonderful VVomen, or ſome VVonderful Strange Fortune, for I had a notable Dream the laſt Night, as being at that very Houſe, and therefore I would very fain call there, and refreſh Our Selves for ſome Time.

Pocus.

With all my Heart, good Brother *Hocus.*

Bar-Boy.

You are VVelcome Gentlemen, ſhow a Room there, the SUN is Empty, ſhow the Gentlemen up Stairs.

Drawer.

VVhat VVine will you pleaſe to Drink?

Hocus.

A Bottle of your beſt Canary, and make a Toaſt, and make haſt and get us a Barrel of *Oyſters* immediately.

Drawer.

It ſhall be done with all Celerity and Expedition imaginable,

Pocus.

Well ſaid Honeſt *Drawer*, thou ſpeakeſt like a Man.

Drawer.

Carry up ſome Oyſter-Knives, Vinegar and Pepper, and a Cut-Rowl into the *Sun* preſently, for they are in great haſt; they look like perſons of Quality by their Habit, and their light coloured Periwigs. Here Gentlemen, is a Bottle of Canary will make a Cat ſpeak, it hath ſuch a Flavour and Guſt with it, after it is down Gutter lane.

Hocus.

Upon my Life Brother it is moſt excellent Canary, and the Oyſters are moſt incomparable likewiſe. But *Drawer*, What Ladies are thoſe ſinging ſo ſweetly in the next Room by themſelves?

Drawer.

Sir, You muſt excuſe me for that, for they have charged me upon their Bleſſing not to diſcover them.

Pocus.

Oh Heavens! what Raviſhing Voices they have got? *Drawer*, here is 5 *s.* for Thee to drink their Health.

Drawer.

Truly Gentlemen, You have ſo much obliged me, that

that although I am almoſt under an Oath of Secreſy, yet I muſt needs tell you for your Civilities ſake.

Hocus.

VVell ſaid, and if by Your Declaring the Truth, it turn any thing to our advantage, I will aſſure you, *Drawer*, we will be very grateful to you upon that accompt.

Drawer. Sirs, They are two perſons of great quality, and Virgins who come here ſometimes to refreſh themſelves, as having ſome Relations near this place, who will come to them e're they go; they are very great Fortunes, for an Uncle of theirs that is Dead, did leave them Ten Thouſand pounds a piece, and they have ſo many Servanrs, that do accoſt them, that they are forced to come to my Maſters Houſe, remote from their Lodgings, to divert themſelves, and that none ſhould know where to find them.

Pocus.

May we not know their particular Names?

Drawer.

They are very ſhy of that, eſpecially in regard their Uncle came by a violent Death; though ſome ſay, he dyed upon a good accompt: and beſides, there are ſome Gentlemen, that have Courted them, knowing of their Names, have ſent them Acroſtick Verſes upon their Names, which they have Burnt, as ſoon as Received, becauſe they were ſuch Balderdaſh ſtuff, and almoſt perfect Non-ſence; although I have heard them ſay, If any of their Servants could ſend them a Copy of compleat Acroſtick Verſes, they would accept of them for Husbands upon that very accompt, becauſe by that they would ſhew ſomething of Ingenuity, and Ingenious Perſons they Love dearly, becauſe they are ſo themſelves.

Pocus

But pray good *Drawer*, let us know their Names.

If you have any reſpect for us, for we are a couple of Batchellors of a good Family, and competent Eſtates, and we do not queſtion, but if you will bring us Acquainted with them, we may ſtand as fair, as to matter of Husbands for them as other Men.

Drawer.

I do not queſtion it in the leaſt, for your Preſence and Deportment, beſpeaks you Perſons of no mean Quality, as far as I can apprehend. Their Names are Mris. *Iſabella*, and Mris. *Joanna Coleman*.

Hocus.

What are they as to their perſwaſions, in matters of a Religious concern?

Drawer.

They are both *Roman Catholiques*.

Pocus.

Were they any Relation to *Coleman* the Traytor?

Drawer.

Yes Sir, He was their Uncle, and they will tell you, that he was a Martyr and not a Traytor.

Hocus.

And ſo would I tell them, if I were once Acquainted with them, for we are *Roman Catholicks* as well as themſelves, but the Truth is not to be ſpoken at all times.

Drawer.

But Mum for that, I underſtand you very well; but that was the Gentleman, who left them this great Fortune; and they come here conſtantly three times a Week from the *Pall Mall*, where they have moſt ſtately Lodgings, that would Dazle a Mans Eyes almoſt to behold.

Pocus.

You muſt needs prevaile ſo far with them, as that we may Kiſs their Hands before we go.

Drawer.

I ſhall uſe my Endeavours, Gentlemen, to ſerve you, and will bring you Word by and by of their Pleaſure therein.

Hocus.

Hocus.

Here is 5 *s.* more for your Encouragement.

Pocus.

My Brother *Hocus*, we muſt write ſome Acroſtick Verſes upon their Names, for I perceive by the *Drawer*, that will touch them to the quick.

Hocus.

I do proteſt, they are moſt curious Girls;
I'le ſtrain my Noddle for ſuch Orient Pearls.

Pocus.

And I likewiſe reſolve to try my Skill,
Ten Thouſand Pounds will force out VVit at VVill.

Hocus.

My Blood rebels, I have no Mind to ſtir,
Unleſs they beat me like a wandring Cur,
Out of their Preſence, when he comes for Meat,
Although poor Dog, he looks for no ſuch Treat.

Pocus.

I find my ſelf ſo Stab'd with CUPIDS Bow,
I have no Mind, neither to ſtir nor go.

Hocus.

I find My Self, likewiſe ſo much in LOVE,
I hope theſe ANGELS dropt down from above,
For to Salute us, at Our coming Home,
And to requite us. for that Service done,
For PETERS Sake, and for the Church of ROME.

Pocus.

But however, let Us this Night go for the *Wild-houſe*, and come again to Morrow.

Hocus.

Hang Sorrow, caſt away Care,
We have left the POPE *behind Us;*
And We ſhall get now Ladies fair,
Where he ſhall never find Us.

Drawer.

Ladies, I peceive your charming Voices will pro-

cure you moſt gallant Fortunes, at the long run, provided that I uſe my endeavours, which I am reſolved to do, in regard of your civillity to me, upon all occaſions, and emergencies whatſoever.

Habeka.

O brave Boy, thou ſhalt be our true Drudge, and Journy-Man *Drawer* ſtill, let us Marry when you will, let them be perſons of Quality, or by what Names or Titles ſoever Dignified, it ſhall be ſomething to you, *young Rogue enough.*

Drawer.

There are ſome huffing brave Gentlemen in the next Room, and they are fallen deſperately in Love with you, as you were ſinging, and being upon the queſt with me concerning you: I told them ſeveral whiskers as to your Fortunes, and that your Uncle *Coleman* had left you 10000 l. a piece, and that you were both *Roman Catholicks*, (for as they went up ſtairs, I perceived them croſſing themſelves) and that you lov'd Acroſtick Verſes on your Names, *&c.* and now they are all in a Flame to kiſs your white Hands.

Joanna.

I do proteſt *Drawer* thou art a brave Fellow, come let me ſpit in thy Mouth, let them come and welcome, if we can cully them in for Husbands, we ſhall be Ladies indeed (if they ſhould chance to prove perſons of Quality) and by that time they have had us about three Months a piece, we ſhall have markt them with a Witneſs, and let them put their Horns in their Pockets, if they will be ſome of the contented ones.

Drawer.

I underſtand you, and let me alone to manage them.

Gentlemen, I have had the happineſs to be admitted to ſpeak to thoſe Ladies in particular, one by one, and

and I have given such a Character of you, that I have over-perswaded them to admit you into their Companies.

Hocus.

Thou art an honest fellow indeed, we shall be good Customers to your Masters House, and likewise to your self, if our Affairs do succeed according to our desired expectations; here accept of this small piece of broad Gold for my sake.

Drawer.

Sir, I am resolved to be your most faithful Servant; to the utmost of my slender Ability; but Sir, you must not be admitted till the next time they come here, which will be to morrow in the Afternoon, about five of the Clock, and then they will come prepared for your Reception.

Pocus.

If it cannot be otherwise, we must be contented: come Brother *Hocus* let us make hast now to the *Wild-House* to dispatch those Affairs wherein we have been intrusted by the Successor of St. *Peter*, and we will go through the Park, and peradventure we may see that person whom we have a Commission to lay fast asleep, and never to rise again untill the general Resurrection.

Hocus.

I do protest here he comes up the *Pell-Mell*, you have now a fair opportunity to do his business, if in case you have your Implements about you.
How sternly Brother *Pocus*, doth he look?
I'le never trap him with Saint *Peters* Hook.
My Joynts do tremble, and my Heart doth ake,
My Soul within me doth most sadly quake;
Heavens doubtless will protect this Soveraign Lord,
Our Pence are good, the Fact's to be abhor'd.

Pocus.

Come let us burn our Papers and Commission,
We're let the *Wild-house* see Saint *Peters* Mission.

Ho-

Hocus.

I le burn my Letters and Commiſſion too,
Wonder is all that we have now to do.
VVonder of *VVonders*! Oh bleſt Stars that we,
Inſtead of *Killing* ſhould both *Married* be:
And that to perſons both of High Degree.
Whoſe Fortunes anſwer our accurſt intents,
To kill the King and blow up Parliaments:
For which Attempt, (to bind us faſt to th' Crime)
Don Senior gave us ſome of his Birdlime,
Which will not ſtick upon our Fingers now,
In *Wondrous* times, and ſo Heavens ſpeed our Plough.

Drawer.

Ladies of Pleaſure, your Gallants are come already, I will go and introduce them into your Chamber of Preſence, but be ſure *Iſabella* and *Joanna Vanharlof*, you go by the ſame Names as I did repreſent you unto them, they are moſt huffing fine to day.

Iſabella

Pre'thee let us alone (*Rogue enough*) to manage the Intreague as well as thy ſelf.

Drawer.

Gentlemen, I have prevailed with the Ladies for your admiſſion, and I am to be Sir *Oliver Flamming*, alias *The Maſter of the Ceremonies*, to introduce you.

Hocus.

Ladies your Servant, and we both do ſwear,
It was your Voices that did bring us here.

Iſabella.

If that our Voices did your Honours Charm,
We do admit in KISSING there's no harm
Now of our Hands, but pray preſume no higher,
Leaſt that blind Cupid ſets your Hearts on Fire.
For us true Virgins who are Lambs of hope,
And do belong to *Senior Don* the Pope;
And ne're will Marry, unleſs he conſent,
To time, to perſons, this is our Intent.

Po-

Pocus.

If that your Reſolutions (Ladies) be,
We well may ſing, *Come Hey then up go we*:
For we are Agents from your Aged Sire,
Who will give leave to quench that ſmoaking Fire
Which you have kindled, in our naked Breaſt,
We ſpeak in earneſt, not one word in jeſt.

Iſabella

My Lords, you ſeem to be extreamly civil,
We are not able to reſiſt that Devil,
Which ſome call Love, our Hearts do burn likewiſe,
We are your Captives, you ſhall be our Prize.

Hocus.

Ladies, we thank you for your kind intent,
Heavens bleſs your Honors, and now crown th' event.

Iſabella.

But withal we muſt acquaint your Lordſhips, that we have made a Reſolution within our ſelves, that no perſon or perſons whatſoevet ſhall enjoy either of us, unleſs they firſt preſent us with ſome Acroſtick Love-Verſes on our Names, that ſhall be to our content and ſatisfaction, for we have had ſeveral of our humble Servants that have fumbled at it, but they were ſuch hobling ſtuff when preſented, that we did burn them at the very firſt peruſal.

Hocus.

We ſhall endeavor to fulfil your Mind,
Since you have hinted to us you'l be kind.

Pocus.

May we crave your Names Ladies, that ſo we may be ſatisfied to what perſons of Quality we ſtand obliged.

Joanna.

The Drawer I preſume hath informed you, as to that particular already.

Hocus.

It is very certain Madam he did, but for our better

ter ſatisfaction, we were willing to enquire at the Fountain Head.

Iſabella.

That Drawer, I will aſſure you, is and honeſt Fellow, and you may truſt him with untold Gold, for we have had ſufficient experience of his Fidelity and willingneſs to ſerve us both.

But Mr. *Hocus*, I muſt tell you one thing more, and that is, I have been troubled of late, with a moſt peſtilent Courtier, who ſwears by all the fleſh on his Body, he will have me, whether I will or no, and though I am a Daughter of the Church of *Rome* (as I have already informed you) and will have no other but one of the ſame Tribe, yet he being a grand *Tory*, I had no other way to put him off, but by Equivocation, in telling him I was a grand *Whig*, and would Marry with no other; whereupon he replied, he would take up the Cudgels with any *Whig* in *England*, that was my Servant.

Hocus.

And then, what iſſue did you come to, I beſeech you *Madam* to inform me?

Iſabella.

We came to this iſſue, that I would bring a *Whig*, a Servant of mine, that ſhould enter the Ring with him, and I pitcht upon you for that end and purpoſe, ſo that you muſt now (*Camelion* like) turn your Coat into a Sword, upon that account, if you have (as you do pretend) any real kindneſs or reſpect for me.

Hocus.

Madam, To gain you I will ſurely turn
My Coat and Caſſock too, or elſe i'le burn
My Books at laſt, before he ſhall prevail,
I'le give him School-Play with my *Jeſuites* flail,

Pocus.

Madam, You know that we can turn our Coats,
From Popiſh Treaſons to good Doctor *Oate*.

Who

Who hath preſerv'd the Royal Crown and State,
For which our Church deſerves a broken Pate.
Heaven's doth Protect him from Saint *Peters* Charms.
And LONDON ſaves him with their Loyal Arms.

Hocus.

Pray *Madam*, what is this huffing new pragmatick-Courtier's Name? It is a new fashion, which I have not yet heard of, to have Ladies without their own conſent.

Iſabella.

His Name is *Focoſus Pragmaticoſus Furiaſus* (a tearing Gallant) and as I am informed, a perſon of a very conſiderable Eſtate and Fortune.

Hocus.

A very huffing Name, I do proteſt, but let me alone with him, I'le huff him with a Vengeance.

And if I find him bold and turbulent,
And ſhall abuſe our ſtately Government;
That Tripple League, which hath ſo firmly ſtood,
From Age to Age, although a ſweeping flood
Hath ſometimes roſe, and covered all our Land
For many years, yet now from Royal Hand
We have it Sign'd, That no ſuch floods ſhall more,
Come near our Banks, to overflow our Shore.
So if I find him in ſo great an Huff,
Madam, for you, I'le change my Coat to Buff:
I little *Sprat*, will turn a *Sword-Fiſh* ſtraight.
I'le comb his Cocks-Comb, teach him how to prate.

Iſabella.

Well Sir, I thank you, he will be here to morrow morning, that is the time prefixt, and therefore I pray come prepared, but withal remember our Acroſtick Verſes into the bargain; I gave him the ſame charge, (*as to Our Names*) to try his proficiency in that difficult ſubject, wherein many of our Gallants have been ſo miſerably plunged.

Hocus.

Verbum Sapienti, &c. We will take our leaves of you, Ladies, for the preſent, and not fail to meet you here again at the time limitted.

Joanna.

Drawer, call to our Coachman to be ready, and let our Lackqueys, alſo, come and attend our motion, for it begins to grow ſomewhat late.

Drawer.

They are all at my Maſters Door, expecting your coming down, and ſo Ladies and Gentlemen, your moſt humble and faithful Servant.

Remember, *Wonder*, and remember *Will*,
To ſerve you all, I'le try my utmoſt skill.

Pars Secunda.

Enter Jocoſus Pragmaticoſus Furioſus.

I. P.

Madam, Your moſt humble Servant, I honour the ground, that bore the Graſs, that fed the Ox, which had the Hide that made you Shoe-Soles.

Iſabella.

Bray (Mr. *Jocus*) do not run ſo faſt,
I have an *Hocus* will fit you at laſt:
Look, here he comes, look well unto your hits,
Hee'l ſinge your Gooſe-Cap in his frantick fits.

I. P.

Oh this is your Champion *Whig*, you told me the other day, I ſhould engage withal; come, I'le enter the Liſts with him if he be come prepared.

Iſabella.

I do not queſtion that in the leaſt.

I. P.

Come, *Madam*, I'le ſing you a new Catch this morning, and obſerve your *Whig*, well to ſee if he be able to anſwer me *ex Tempore*, without ſcratching a long time his Paper Scull. I begin, *viz.*

Your

Your *Langleys* and your *Viles*,
Your *Janaways* to boot,
Shall march in Ranks and Files,
To kiss fair *Tiburns* Foot.

Isabella.

At him, my *Hocus*, without Hums or Haws,
Come off but bravely, you shall gain the Cause.

I. P.

Ah but *Madam*, who shall be Umpire (or Judge) in the Case? for it is not proper to be Judge your self in your own Cause.

Isabella.

No, there is no reason for that, and therefore let us pitch upon an indifferent person between us both.

I. P.

What think you of *Will* the Drawer, a very honest Intelligent person, as I think will do us both Justice to an hairs breadth.

Isabella.

With all my Heart (Mr. *Jocus*) let him be the Man.

Enter *Jeromimy* (my Friend Mr. *Hocus*) did you hear this new Catch this morning, which I believe may perchance catch you by the Nose (like strong Mustard) and will make you scratch where it doth not Itch.

Hocus.

I well remember both the one and t'other,
And at your Service I have such another.

It is to the same Tune, though directly in opposition. *viz.*

Your *Towzer* and your *Tumblers*,
Which now make such a rout,
Your *Jack-a-dandy* Fumblers,
May first kiss *her* old Snout.

Isabella.

Well bowl'd (brave *Hocus*) this will do the feat,
And put your *Focus* all into a Sweat.

I. P.

I fear him not, although my blood doth riſe,
Leaſt that *Tom Tell Truth* here, in a Diſguiſe.

Iſabella.

I cannot tell, perhaps it may be he,
He ſpeaks ſo plainly of the Tripple-Tree,
For you and others of the ſelf ſame ſort,
Which may in time make Aged *Tyburn* ſport.

Hocus.

Madam, This Man is *Peſto* to that Hob,
Who lurketh here, to do the old Popes Job.
And will you now look on this precious Tool,
Who is no more than *Towzers* Jeſting Fool.
I hope you wiſer than to lead your Life
With ſuch a Man, who alwaies maketh ſtrife.

I. P.

Are you *Tom-Tell-Truth* here in a Diſguiſe?

Hocus.

Are you the Man that tells ſo many Lyes?

I. P.

Tom-Fool, to anſwer one thing by another,

Hocus.

The ſafeſt way to ſham a *Tory* Brother.

I. P.

I am no *Whig*, but true Son of the Church,

Hocus.

The Church of *Rome*, and kin to *Madam* Birch.

I. P.

And what are you, if I may be ſo bold,
The Church of *Whigland*, that old Bawd and Scold?
Or, which is worſe, your Principles do come,
From the Republick and Free State of *Rome*.
In daies of yore, who did ſo much Cajole,
Their Neighbor Princes from their Capitol.

Hocus.

We ſcorn your words, we like our Triple State,
And for that ſham, have at your Noddle Pate.
I'le Comb your Cox-Comb, and your Pudding Brain,
To bring ſuch ſlurs upon our Chriſtian Name.

Iſa.

Isabella.

Pray stop, Sir *Hocus*, let no Swords appear,
VVithin Our Sight, to put us Both in fear
Of Shedding Bloud, which may us straight-way bring
VVithin the Verge, of our great *Charles* the King,
I'le end the quarrel, put all out of Strife,
The best ACROSTICK, I will be his Wife:
Come Mr. *Hocus* have you brought them with you?

Hocus.

Madam, I have, and hope that I shall find,
That unto me, you will be ever kind.

Isabella.

Are they Indeed your own? Did not some other,
Either *Tom Truth*, or else *Tom Tell-truths* Brother,
Help you to them, whereby you might prevail,
To take us Virgins, by the Rump and Tail?

Hocus.

Upon my Honour, *Madam*, they are Mine,
I will assure you, every VVord and Line.

Isabella.

Pray Read them then, but with a comely Grace,
And let Sir *Focus* hear them Face to Face.

Hocus.

To that *Fair Lady*, whom I so much Love,
These Lines I send her, from my Stars above,
Blind CUPID, he did aid my Trembling Quill,
And pusht me forward with his Art and Skill;
And what the product was, you here shall see,
To try *Jack Pudding*, and his Poetry.

Isabella.

VVell done, Sir *Hocus*, this to me is Sweet,
Lift up your Voice and do not fall asleep.

Hocus.

My suite to You is bent, cause from your hand,
It must have Sentence, or to fall or stand;
Shall I then freedom take, for to impart,
To you the secrets of my Love-sick Heart,

R*arest*

R *areſt of Beauties know, when firſt I took,*
I *nto my ſerious Thoughts, Your comely Look;*
S *traight-way ful-faſt the Winged Wantons Dart,*
I *found was ſtuck within my Wounded Heart,*
S *ince that (my Dearеſt Love) I could not find;*
A *broad no Joy, at home no quiet Mind,*
B *ut ſtill when as Thy Lovely Eyes I ſpide,*
E *nter'd new Darts into my bleeding ſide,*
L *o now thou ſeeſt, to what my Mind is bent,*
L *et me but one thing crave, I'le be content,*
A *h! ſpeak (my Dear) my cruel pain and grief,*
C *annot be ſalv'd, unleſs thou ſend relief,*
O *h give Thine Heart, and for that guift of Thine,*
L *eaſt thou ſhouldſt want an Heart, I'le give Thee Mine:*
E *ject me not, but* (Madam) *Grant my Suite;*
M *y Heart is true, and therefore ſtand not Mute,*
A *dvance (my Dear) let me now hear Thee ſay,*
N *o more* Jack Puddings *ſhall my heart e're ſway,*
So ſhould I reſt whilſt Heaven me Breath to lend,
Thy Faithful Servant and moſt Cordial Friend.
Hocus Catholicus, &c.

Iſabella.

Siſter, I Swear theſe Lines are rarely good,
I cann't deny him, for my very Blood
Doth riſe within me, for to go to Church,
Ile ne'r forſake, nor leave him in the Lurch.

Joanna.

Come, come, Sir. *Pocus* be quick and nimble, have you brought *Yours* with you, I am in very great haſt?

Pocus.

Yes,
Madam, I have, and hope to be your Slave,
And ſo will be, till I am laid in Grave.

Joanna.

Advance your MUSE, and make no long delay,
For I do long to have my Wedding Day;

If

If they do pleaſe me to the very Life,
You then ſhall ſay my Dear (my Deareſt) Wife.

Pocus.

M*oſt vertuous Madam, and Celeſtial* Joan,
I *n all the World, like unto Thee there's none;*
S *o ſoon as thy moſt lovely Eyes I ſpied,*
T *hen* Cupid *ſtruck his Darts within my ſide;*
R *eaſon did prompt me, like a Friend moſt kind,*
I *n that ſweet Face, there was a ſober Mind,*
S *ure lodg'd within, the Soul of ſuch fair Looks;*

I *'le* Plot *no more, but rather burn my Books;*
O *pen Thy Heart; be never Coy no more,*
A *Vertuous* Bride, *Tranſcends a* Common-Whore;
N *ever diſtruſt my ſure and careful Hand;*
N *ever will I profuſely ſpend Thy Land,*
A *lways I'le Love Thee, Run at Thy Command.*

C oleman *that* Saint, *his very Name I Lov'd;*
O *h ſpeak (my Dear) my Heart is truly mov'd;*
L *et not my Suite, I pray return in Vain,*
E *ver I'le ſerve Thee, not in th' leaſt for Gain;*
M *y Thoughts were never, on falſe Riches bent,*
A *ll I Requeſt is only Thy Conſent;*
N *ever refuſe me, but my Death prevent.*

I. P.

Theſe are two *Jeſuites*, I know their looks,
You ſee they both have got St. *Peters* Hooks;
No *Whigs* could make ſuch Lines as theſe to Trap,
And make fair Ladies, fall into their Lap:
If you reſolve ſtill for a *Whig* to have,
I'le ſhew your one, who ſhall be your great Slave.

Iſabella.

It is very well Mr. *Jocus*, but have you brought yours

Yours along with You, we hope to ſee moſt Incomparable Lines from You; for You now are to be Lieutenant to bring up the Rear, and as we do uſually ſay, *The deeper the ſweeter*, or

The higher the Plum-tree, the ſweeter the Plum,
The richer the Cobler, the blacker his Thumb.

I. P.

Madam, I do proteſt, I will deal Ingeniouſly with You, I have been hobling upon, but could not Hammer any thing to the purpoſe out of Your Name, but I have brought you in Lieu thereof a parcel of Verſes, which I am very certain will pleaſe You a great deal better than theſe flattering and daubing Lines even now Read unto You; and if you pleaſe to let me Whiſper a word in Your Ear, I will tell you a very great Secret.

Iſabella.

Your Suite is granted, and pray as to the Secret.

I. P.

Madam, Since I ſaw You, I am turn'd a very great *Whig*, and it was not, I will aſſure You, to Gain You, or the Richeſt Perſon in the World, but only my Judgment and Conſcience was prevailed upon, by the Subſtantial Arguments of ſober Reaſon.

Iſabella.

I can hardly believe it, but only (*viva voce*) Your own perſon doth inform me thereof: But pray, what ſort of *Whig* are you, as to your preſent Sentiments?

I. P.

I am a *John a Baptiſt Whig*, and I think that is one of the higheſt form in the Chriſtian Church, (if I am not very much miſtaken) and I am confident, *Madam*, I ſhall now pleaſe You to the Life,

And therefore of that *Jeſuite* think no more,
Better turn Bawd, or elſe a Common Whore,

Then

Then lead Your Life with ſuch an idle Fop;
Give me but leave, his Ears I'le ſtreightway Lop;
Or, if in *Sweden*, I would make no Bones,
To be the Man ſhould cut out both his Stones.

Iſabella.

VVell but are theſe Verſes you have brought *Whigiſh* ones, and are they of your own making?

I. P.

I will not tell you a Lye in an Age (though I have told thouſands when I was a Tory) they are not my own but they are of about twenty years ſtanding (to the beſt of my remembrance) and peruſing them ſince I laſt parted from You, they wrought ſo much upon me, even to a Converſion.

Iſabella.

Oh let us hear them by all means, but pray tell me where you had them?

I. P.

I was lately at a *Torys* (or rather at a *Tantivys*) Study in high *Holborn*, who hath by him all ſorts of Popiſh Prelatical Jeſuitical, and a few Fanatical Books, and among thoſe laſt named, which were put in a By-hole (as if intended for the laſt uſe of waſt Paper) I found theſe *Verſes*, which as ſoon as I had peruſed, I fairly put them up into my Pocket, asking no queſtions for Conſcience ſake; but however I do intend to tell him of it next time we meet at *Sams Coffee*-Houſe, which is hard by this Tavern, where we are now ſo pleaſantly merry.

Iſabella.

For Cuſtoms, Books, I ſee none are ſo kind,
To give his due to *Cæſar*, or's Friend to mind,
But keep them as a Prize, and nere repent,
Though 'gainſt our three States in full Parliament.

But however I long to hear your Verſes, let them be what they will, for I am fixed as to my own Perſwa-

tion, as to matters Spiritual, but as to things Temporal, I must submit my Self to our triple and thrice Noble State.

Hocus.

I understand you, but Mum for that, although you spake a little too loud, and I over-heard you.

I. P.

Here Madam, Pray Read to your Self, and let none hear you.

Isabella.

I cannot allow of that, they must be Read that all must hear, for you may remember *William* our Drawer here, was to be Umpire between you, and Mr. *Hocus.*

I. P.

I beg your Pardon, but I did not think of that, being so much in Love with your proper Person.

Isabella.

Or rather (Mr. *Focus*) you should have replied good VVits have short Memories: But pray to the Point in Hand.

I. P.

I am now just at the Point, and the Title of my Verses is as followeth, *viz.*

The Asses *Complaint against* Balaam, *or, The Cry of the Country against Ignorant and Scandalous Ministers.*

To the Reverend Bishops,

YE Mitred Members of the House of Peers,
The Kings Church-VVardens, and Gods Overseers,

Fathers

Fathers in Christ; VVe your poor Children Cry,
Oh give us Bread of Life, or else we Dye:
For we are Burdn'd with our old Sir *Johns*,
VVhen we ask Bread, they allways give us Stones,
And only Cant, a Homily or two,
VVhich *Daws* and *Magpies* may be taught to do,
Drunkards Canonical, unhallowed Bears;
The name of God more oft in Oaths then Prayers,
Into what Darkness will Our Church be hurl'd,
If such as these be call'd, the Light o'th' VVorld;
These that have nought to prove themselves devout
Save only this: That *Cromwell* turn'd them out,
Mistake us not, we do not mean those Loyal,
And Learned Souls, who in the fiery Tryal,
Suffer'd for King and Conscience sake, let such
Have double Honour, we shall ne'r think much;
But this our tender Conscience dis-approves,
That Ravens should return as well as Doves,
And Croak in Pulpits, once again to bring
A second Judgment, on Our Church and King:
Though *England* doth not fear another Loss,
'Cause God hath Burn'd his Rods at *Charing-cross*;
Yet CLERGY Sins may call him to the Door,
Even him, who whipt, and scourg'd them out before;
Oh therefore ye that Read the Sacred Laws,
Eject their Persons, and disown their Cause:
God and the King, have both Condemn'd this Crew,
Then let them not, be Patroniz'd by you;
'Tis not their Cassocks, nor their Surplices
VVe Quarrel at, there is no harm in these;
VVe own their Habit, but yet every Fool
Cannot be call'd a Monk, that wears a Cowl;
VVere Grace and Learning wanting (by your leaves)
VVe would not pin our Faith on your Lawn sleeves:
'Tis *Aarons* Breast-Plate, and those sacred VVords
Become a Church-Man; Oh 'tis that my Lords,

Which pious *Baxter* makes his Livery;
VVould all our *Curates* were but such as he:
Pardon my Lords, we do not make this stir,
To vindicate the Factious *Presbyter*;
VVe hate his ways, and equally disown
The Zealous Rebel, as the idle Droan:
And beg as oft to be deliver'd from
The *Kirk* of *Scotland*, as the See of *Rome*.
VVe pray for Bishops too, that they may stand,
To heal the mad Distractions in our Land.
Then give us Priests Loyal and painful too,
To give to *Cæsar* and to us our Due:
God save King *Charles* our Christian Faiths Defendor,
And bring Religion to its ancient Splendor.

Amen.

Hocus.

Pax of this *Tory*, what is he now turn'd *Whig*,
On purpose to draw in my pretty Pig?
A Stab i'le give him, which shall cure his Itch,
Save him from burning like to an old Witch.

Isabella.

If that he be, 'tis of the better sort,
Call'd *Common Prayer Whigs*, who do resort
Unto their Parish Chusch; I like him well,
I think those Verses are a charming spell,
He is a *Baptist Whig*, that shining Light,
Who was Præcursor to that Star so bright.
Who brought the Wise Men from the East to see.
The only Son of Soveraign Majesty.

Hocus.

Mvdam, the whole that you have now to do
Is to hear *Will*, what he will say to you.

Isa-

Isabella.

Pray *Will* remember both the *Whig* and Pye,
Let not your Lipps now give your Heart the Lye.
Speak you the Naked Truth and ſhame the Divel,
Give me the leaſt, but not the greateſt Evil.
Of theſe two Gallants who have tryed their skill
To purchaſe Favour and our kind good will.

Drawer.

As near as I can, I will the Truth Judge,
And ſoon I will help you unto a true Drudge.

Gentlemen and Ladies, pray hearken to what I was entruſted withal.

I have been ſerious and extreamly civil
Unto my Maſters, who have got the Evil,
Which they call *Love*, though ſome do call it vile,
You may take both, or elſe take Croſs or Pile.
I do declare, that *Hocus* he hath got
The weather-gage, of your Jack Pudding Plot.
Then take your Bride, and let Jack-Pudding run
For help again, to *Towzers* Elder Gun:
And *Pocus* likewiſe, be you like *Sylveſter*,
Straightway to Bed, with this her only Siſter.
All things are ready fixed for each Bride,
For you this Night to ſleep here by their ſide.

Hocus.

Will, I do thank you for your Juſtice done
To me, your Servant and true riſing Sun.
Here take my promiſe, which I made before,
And for your Bill, pray put it on the Score;
I'le haſt to Bed unto my own Dear Wife,
Who is the joy and comfort of my Life.

Drawer.

And are they gon? theſe Jeſuits they have got,
Inſtead of Riches, a true Pouder-Plot;

They

They both will find, before the Night be ſpent,
Enough to make them ſtraightway keep a Lent.
They both are Whores, and if Jack-Pudding ſorrow,
To chear him up, I'le tell the truth to morrow.
And may they all be whipt and ſtripped thus,
Who come to kill with *Romes* old Blunderbuz.
A wonder ſtrange! by theſe two Whores in Bed,
Our Royal *Charles* doth now hold up his Head.
When as they came with full intent to Kill,
Their luſt and heat did qualify their will;
And when they went to rouze the Royal Deer,
Their very Hearts and Joynts did quake for fear.
And may he live to over-top that ſtate,
Which to our Church hath ſuch invet'rate hate:
And may his Tripple-Crown from hence advance,
To bear a part with Monſieur King in *France*.
In order to that dreadful day of Doom,
Wherein ſhall flame, the bloody Church of *Rome*.

DIALOGUS QUARTUS:
Serious *and* Theological.

Tho. Tell-Truth.

THIS Theam's ſo large, we muſt refer you here;
To Treat you all with our next *Chriſtmas* Cheer.
That Token ſent us from the Powers above,
To feed our Souls with Everlaſting Love.
Though in the mean our utmoſt we will try,
To make you now a ſhort Apology. *Viz.*

AS to our laſt and this moſt ſerious part,
Which is a ſecret and myſterious Art:
A Subject Sacred, and of vaſt Extent,
Which will concern both King and Parliament.

At

At their next meeting for to think upon,
If they'l Protect, our Church and Royal Throne
From foreſeen dangers, which do hover here,
Like Blazing Comets in Our Hemiſphere.
And do portend, its fear'd a Fatal Doom,
To ſome great Dons, as well as unto *Rome*:
We have forborn, until that we ſhall ſee,
How Church and State to this firſt will agree:
If it ſhall pleaſe: We fairly promiſe here,
To Act that part before you next New-Year.
We ſay, before you, in this very School,
Or elſe ſay Tell-Truth is a very Fool:
And ſpeaks that here which he cannot perform,
And ſo deſerves a Rattle or an Horn
For to be grafted on his Brain-ſick Head,
By *Towzers* Hand, in his new Bedlam Bed.
But never fear't, our Pen is in our hand,
And do reſolve to make bold *Towzer* ſtand;
And give account from what place he doth come,
Whether from *Flanders*, or direct from *Rome*;
From whence ſuch Vermin here do weekly ſpring,
Like fiery Serpents with their Mortal ſting.
If hee'l ſpeak Truth and will now take our Teſt,
And will forbear the Language of the Beaſt.
In future Libels we will let him paſs,
If not wee'l *Score* him for a very Aſs.
Or elſe with Gooſe Quills we will knock him down,
And ſend him packing to ſome Country Clown.
To fix him whiſtling in ſome hollow Tree,
Like Screetching Bubo in the Night, to ſee
How *Whigs* will Chant this (like the Birds in Spring)
Towzer is foil'd, and ſo *God ſave the King*:
And *Tories* then may ſing (*oh hone*) and ſay,
The Loyal *Whigs* of him have got the day.
That times a coming, long it will not be,
Towzer remember Eighty two and three.

VVe

VVe can't forbear, the Heavens they have combin'd,
To Loyal Subjects they'l be ever kind :
Joyn then with them, and don't propoſe an Union,
Twixt our true Church, and the Popes Communion ;
VVho now muſt ſuffer for that traſh and jeer,
(VVhich on the Rock he doth ſo often rear)
Call'd Hay and Stubble, which our Heavenly Syre,
Will ſurely burn, when *Rome* is all on Fire.
Remember how *Jack-Pudding* turn'd his Coat,
And in a trice did ſing another Note :
When as he ſtole ſome Verſes from your Study,
Which you did deem, to be ſo thick and Muddy.
Becauſe they did bewail what here was done,
As well in *England* as the Church of *Rome*.
By thoſe *Dulmano's*, and that ſpecial Fry,
In drinking Healths do take ſuch liberty :
Strike while 'tis hot, for we are Sons of Thunder,
Not of that Church, which keeps Mens Souls ſtil under.
We are true Sons of the true Chriſtian Church,
And yours is falſe, and muſt be left i'th Lurch.
If you'l believe Gods pure and Sacred Word,
And ſell your Coat, for a true Goſpel Sword.
Like Doctor *Small-Fiſh*, who had the rare hap,
To turn from Red-Noſe to Red-Feather-Cap.
If you'l joyn Iſſue, we may ſoon prevent
Much *pro* and *con*, between next Parliament
And our Supream, who will rejoyce to ſee,
Drunkards diſcarded, ſober *Fanns* to be
Firmly united to our Church and Head,
Whom we do hope will burn the Popes ſtraw-Bed.
This we expect, all in his own good time,
Who's Truth it ſelf, and is the moſt ſublime.
To him be Honour, Glory, Power, Praiſe,
To whom belongs the Everlaſting Bays ;
VVhen Saints and Angels all ſhall ſweetly ſing;
Eternal *Anthems* to their LORD and KING.
Amen, &c.

The

The Epilogue *spoken by Mr.* Tho. Tell-truth *the first Proloquutor.*

WHat now?
Will nothing do in these distracted Times;
To cure hot Brains, but HOCUS POCUS Lines?
Won't GALEN do, nor yet no Cinque foil Grass,
Nor Physick Herbs; But this our Cupping Glass?
Will not the Lyons Rampant one jot move,
Within their Cells; But by such Charms of Love?
Let's throw away our Books, Mind them no more,
Which have so sham'd us, in the days of Yore,
But let us Mind our late new *Bedlam* Lad,
Who cures all, though they be never so Mad.
If this be true, Our Youth hath done their Job,
In this his *Bedlam* HOCUS POCUS Bob;
Sure Heaven hath sent him from the Stars above
To know by Planets, what they most do Love;
For as we say, And 'tis a Truth most sure,
A desperate Case must have a desperate Cure:
In this attempt, We like his Project well,
Who knows his Art, but by his Charming Spell,
He may in time, with his Industrious Pen
Charm the Old Dragon, close within his Den,
Let now his Guardian Angel him Protect,
Should he dare Write in such a Dialect,
Then would begin that *Jubilee* of Years,
To free us from Our Jealousies and Fears,
As is foretold in Sacred Writ to come,
For the Destruction of the *Whore of Rome*,
So far as she with *Antichrist* doth hold
Let her not Boast, this Truth it is foretold,

If She's that Beast, that sits on seven Hills
We may affirm, They need not make their VVills;
There is a Caveat, late put in from *France*
Which may perchance make the old Whore to Dance
A sad *Curranto*, with her TORY Crew,
Heavens grant to *Scotland*, That the News prove true,
'Twill break their Measures, And their *Meal-Tub Plots*,
And make Our TORIES dye here of the *Rots*,
Or broken Winds, by Galloping up Hills
And taking of the *Observators* Pills:
The *Bullies* now will melt in their own Grease
Because they can't destroy Our Kingdoms Peace,
Nat and his Varlets, these special *Roman* Elves,
VVill now like *Bedlams* even hang themselves.
The *Clergy-Guide*, Our Friend hath here Out-done,
By slight of Hand, He hath reverst his Gun,
And by his Glass, hath got the Weather-Gage,
Of topping *Towzer* and his *Jack Pudding* Page.
Cavete, Popelings, of *Monsieur* Caveats Jumps,
Hee'l cut your Legs off, make you go on Stumps;
Who knows, but he must now lead up the Dance,
And we must follow after into *France*.
That petit COMET, with its long brushing Tail,
May prove at length, a raree new French flail,
And should it light, upon Your whorey Head,
The *Whigs* would say, You're sweetly brought to Bed.
The Grand Superiours, though they seldom meet,
Yet when they do, their Faces are not sweet:
Time will produce their Dire effects upon
The *Scarlet Beast*, and *Whore of Babylon*.
This Gallant Monsieur, whom of late you Scorn,
Now in his Rage, may pluck you by the Horn;
VVhen as you hear, He *Abby-Lands* Escheats,
Into his Checquer, then he'l Work rare Feats,

And

And we may Truſt him, and likewiſe declare,
In words at length, He wants the *Roman Chair*.
As a dependant to his late Conqueſts,
There's many a true VVord often ſpoke in Jeſts;
Be gar, Madam, Look well unto your Hits,
Its now high time to Exerciſe your VVits,
The *French*, the *Dutch* the *Engliſh* are a coming
To Kiſs your Toes, and find out all your Cunning,
Wherewith you have bewitcht them ever ſince
The *Dragon* gave you power to be Prince
Over all Potentates in th' Chriſtian Church,
And now Dear Heart, he'l leave you in the Lurch,
And ſo we leave you to his laſt Farewell,
Which many ſay, VVill be in Flames of Hell,
Unleſs Repentance intervene between,
Thoſe Fiery Flames which are ſo ſharp and keen:
Farewell likewiſe to all that do Infeſt,
Our Royal State, and Churches with the Peſt,
The Plagues of *Egypt* were in number Ten,
(You that VVrite Short-hand, take them with your (Pen;)
The ſelf ſame number is in this Our Iſle,
Preſented here to us, in Rank and File,
By Our good Maſter, in his ſober Mind,
Becauſe to us, he will be ever kind,
And in his Judgment, thought it very fit
To give us Scenes to Exerciſe Our Wit,
And if you have a Mind to tell their Number,
Come Scenes draw forth, and part Your ſelves aſunder.

1. *Here's firſt two* Jeſuites *all beſmeard in Blood,*
Bringing in Popery, like a mighty Flood;
2. *There's* Towzer *next, with all his Elder Guns,*
His Paper Pellets, and his Penny Buns:
3. *Next is* Jack Pudding *with his Cox-combe Cap,*
The Obſervator *leaning on his Lap,*

4. *Th' Informing Tribe, there round about him ſit,*
Telling him Shams, *without all fear or wit.*
5. *Here's* Ridens *next, that paultry* VVhigland *Elf,*
Who may in time, for Madneſs hang himſelf,
Although ſome ſay, The Triple Tree much longs
To have a Taſt of his Pindarique Songs.
6. *There is* Ben. Tokey *with his Ship of Lice,*
Enterd for VVhigland *to fetch home more Mice.*
7. *Here comes the* Tories *in their Frantick fits,*
Like Bedlams *foaming, ſtark out of their Wits.*
8. *This is bold* Nat. *who brings his* Croſs-Key *Fetters,*
With all his Bullies of the Roman Letters,
Who ſtill doth Sham, with Forged Lyes and Stories,
Tapſters to pleaſe, and Hogan Mogan Tories.
9. *Theſe are Satyricks, which ſo much do flutter,*
And ſoare aloft, for Honey to their Butter.

And as Lieutenants to bring up the Rear,
10. *Here's* Hudibraſs, *that froathy ſtate Bug-bear,*
Who for his Drolling Dogrel prittle prattle,
He was at laſt preſented with a Rattle,
And on his Tomb, *this Epitaph may be*
Fairly Inſcribed for his Friends to ſee,

VIZ.

Here lyes bold *Hudibraſs*, that dogrel ſwagger,
In Life a Tinker, and in Death a Begger,
The ſame may ſerve for *Ridens* and his Oade,
Leave out but Tinker, and put in a Toad:
And Poet *Laureat*, with his Satyrick Gang,
May likewiſe have their Tombs of the ſame twang;
But ſince old *Laureat* is the Prince of all,
Wee'l VVrite his Tomb, in Letters Capital.

VIZ.

Here Lyes old *Laureat* with his Rampant Rhimes,
VVho daub'd ſo high, to pleaſe the preſent Times;

But

But ſince he's Dead, *Noll's* Ghoſt doth haunt his Tomb,
And ſo will do, until the day of Doom;
The Reaſon's this, becauſe this Huff did Paint
Him, Dead, a Devil, but in Life a Saint.
In fine,
To make the *Tories* Grin, the *Whigs* to laugh,
We will conclude with *Towzers* Epitaph,

VIZ.

Hic jacet old *Towzer* with his Elder Guns,
VVho ſplit them, all by ramming Paper Puns
So hard into their Mouths, with ſtrong Intents
To guard the Pope, but blow up Parliaments;
But now he's Dead, his name will dye and rot,
Unleſs remembred like the Powder-Plot.
Our Friend hath here ſo mauld him Hip and Thigh,
That ſome do think, he'l never make Reply,
And if you like his Honeſt Gooſe-quill Blows,
As well in Verſe as keen Steele to Proſe,
I ray thank him for t, and here we will now cloſe,
Gratias, Gratias, Gratias,
And all clapt Hands with loud acclamations.

BUt ſtay Our Lads, to you we will rehearſe
Before we part, an old right *Roman* Verſe,
VVhich may well ſerve, for to Conclude Our Play;
Look here, 'tis *Ovid*, which we read to Day,

In Nova fert animus, mutatas dicere formas, &c.

And now like him, in Our Poetick Feude,
If you will hear, to him we will Allude, *viz.*
A Tiber Gooſe is turn'd into a Kite,
A *Ravens-croft* is *Romes* grand Proſelyte,
Thats *Turbulent*, within his Magot Pate
Is turn'd Vulpone, in Our Church and State:

Brave

Brave *Godfrey*'s *Nat.* is turn'd into a Jayle;
Pindarique *Ridens*, a true *Roman* Flaile;
Ben.Tooke's Ship is turn'd into a Lighter;
Jack Pudding he, is turned an old Sheep Biter,
The Tory Mountain's turn'd into a Mouſe,
Towzer's great Flea, is turn'd into a Louſe,
And though he skipt before, yet now muſt crawl,
And ſcratch his Noddle, at his own down-fall,
For ſending *Ratio*, to his Bedlam Cell,
VVhere he hath foil'd him, by that very ſpell,
VVherein he thought to cure his Frantick Brains,
Now *Martins Ludgate*, pay him for his Pains,
Or elſe pay *Ratio*, with your Hearty Thanks,
For theſe his *Hocus*, and new BEDLAM Pranks,
VVherein he hath (the *Whigs* will ſay no doubt)
In his new BEDLAM, found bold *Towzer* out,
VVe often ſee a ſpark much like a Louſe
In Magnitude doth ſometimes Burn a Houſe.
Towzer was he, who kindled firſt the ſpark,
And now his Houſe is Rent and Torn, and Dark,
He was the Man, who firſt began to Prate,
And for his Pains deſerves a broken Pate,
Theſe Lines will Live, when his ſhall Dye and Rot
And be to him an everlaſting Blot,
VVe wiſh him well, and always we will pray,
He may repent before his Judgment day,
For all his Follies, where he doth expoſe
True Loyal Subjects, to be *Caſars* Foes,
If this ben't Madneſs, we have loſt Our Reaſon;
Some Men Write Non-ſence, and will have it Treaſon:
Theſe are the *Bedlams*, or we have no skill,
And *Ignoramus* of Our Makers VVill,
But yet we hope to ſee true *Tories* run,
In a ſhort time from *Towzers* Elder Gun;

VVho

VVho hath Bewitcht them ever ſince his Tone
Of Curſe ye *Meroz*, and his *Forty One.*

Schollars, Gratias, Gratias, Gratias, *With loud acclamation.* Saying,

Vivat Rex, Vivat Rex, Vivat Rex,
Currat Lex, currat Lex, &c.
Laborat Grex, Laborat Grex, &c.
Let *Towzer* Vex, Let *Towzer* Vex.

Creſcit ſub Pondere Virtus
E T
Soli Deo Gloria. Amen.

BUT ſtay a while the *Tories* firſt muſt come,
And take the Teſt, and then we ſhall have done;
Tories draw nigh, and take the Teſt once more,
Have we ſpoke Truth (or Treaſon) as before?
Tories. Truth, Truth, Truth.
Tantivys. Treaſon, Treaſon, Treaſon.
VVhat ails theſe *Tories* and *Tantivy* Elves,
Now at the laſt to contradict themſelves?
By which you plainly ſee with your own Eyes,
Some *Tories* can ſpeak Truth, though moſt tell Lyes.
The laſt are *Towzers* VVhelps, the firſt are thoſe
VVho now have fairly bit them by the Noſe,
Common-Prayer Whigs the firſt, the laſt are ſuch
VVho neither ſtay at home, nor go to Church,
But every *Sunday* having got the Spleen,
They take the Air to Viſit Doctor *Green*;
But ſince you are ſo high, *Tantivys* Pray
Tell us the Treaſon you have heard to Day.
Tantivys. In ſaying, That his Name ſhall Dye and Rot
Unleſs remembred like the Powder-Plot;

If

If this be not, both flat and downright Treason,
You may Conclude, That we have lost Our reason.
Tell-truth, If you'l withdraw we'l put it to the Test,
Of these great Peers, their Judgments are the best.
Tantivys. With all Our Hearts, provided that we may
But be assured, we shall have fair Play;
Dont question that, these Peers they art not those,
VVho are the Kingdoms, and the Churches Foes,
VVe all do know, that these are truly Loyal,
Experieuce teacheth, VVe have had the Tryal.

Exeunt omnes & statim
Enter again.

Tantivys,
The Lords conclude that you have lost your Sences,
By drinking hard, and sitting late with VVenches,
And by Your VVords which you affirm are Treason,
They do Conclude, that you have lost Your reason;
And out as much as that true *Roman* Elf,
VVho is to prove that *Godfrey* Hang'd Himself:
For which attempt, to *Newgate* he was sent
Among his BULLIES, there to keep his *Lent*;
And may you all, be sent to him in Season,
To cure the Itch of this your Purblind Treason.

Now Gentlemen and Ladies, you are all most heartily welcome.

Gratias, Gratias, Gratias.

And all clap Hands with loud Acclamations.

FINIS.

POSTSCRIPT,

To the Tantivies, By T.T.

AS our two Jeſuits, from the Starrs above, (Love.
Were ſtruck with Paleneſs, and dead drunk with
From Cupid's Engine, call'd his Charming Dart,
With which he makes hot Lovers often ſmart,
By means whereof, Our Royal *Charles* his Life
Was ſafely guarded from ROME's inrag'd Knife,
Which do's appear like Lambs to vulgar ſight,
But inwardly are Ravening Wolves of Night.
So now likewiſe: If *Towzer* he ſhall rage
And bark at us, in every weekly Page,
To quench the Flames of our new Bedlam Play,
Which if he can, then VVe muſt run away:
And 'twould ſeem ſtrange, That *Joan*'s old Elder Gun
Should make *Tom Tell-troth*, at the laſt, to Run;
VVe fear him not, Come let him do his worſt,
The more he barks, the more he will be curſt
By God himſelf, who never ſhoots at Rovers,
And will at length ſlay all right *Roman Drovers*,
VVe have a *Diſtick* alwayes holding true,
Though not yet heeded by your curſed Crew,

The Palm-tree grows the more preſt down,
And Croſſes prove the Churches Crown.

Repent in time, thank *Tell-Truth* for this hint,
And doe no more on him ſo look a-ſquint.
VVhich if you ſhould, he'l pay you home, be ſure,
Now you have put his jealous Pen in Ure,
By your old *Hocus* tricks, wherein you huff,
And light them up, Juſt like a Candle Snuff,
And ſo will end, or we have loſt our Aim,
And do deſerve, an everlaſting Blame
Be put upon us, by ſuch Fops as you,
VVho are the *Tory* and *Tantivy* Crew,
But *We're the honeſt and true loyal Blew.*

FINIS.